The Nation.

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The Week.

Monday's election in Maine looks like a very black eye for the Republicans. In any previous year, they themselves would have so regarded it. To see their plurality for Governor cut from 26,000 to 8,000; to have the majorities for their Congressmen whittled away by from 2,500 to 6,000 votes; to witness the Democrats more than doubling their representation in the Legislature, and carrying all but four of the twenty cities of the State—these things could not have happened to them at any time within thirty years past without exciting both wonder and apprehension. In this year of grace and optimism, however, able Republican explainers arise to make light of it all. A political black eye? Oh, you are wholly mistaken; that is only a dark circle indicating excessive thought. Anyhow, a little skilful painting will make it almost imperceptible. The first dab of whitening is, of course, a reference to the Maine prohibitory law. But the Democrats, having the same demand for resubmission in their platform of 1902, were then beaten by more than 27,000 votes. Again in 1904 they tried to sail with the anti-prohibition current, but were again defeated by over 26,000 votes. Admitting a certain heightened resentment at attempts really to enforce the prohibitory law in cities—for to make prohibition more than a dead letter in any large town in Maine is the sure way to rouse the electorate to fury—it is clear that some force must have been at work this year which was not operative in 1902 and 1904.

Another explanation, though a disquieting one to the very Republicans who offer it, is that the labor vote went solidly for the Democrats. The result in Mr. Littlefield's district is especially referred to. His plurality two years ago was nearly 6,000; Monday it was barely 1,000. Mr. Gompers will undoubtedly point to this marked loss as a direct result of his invasion of the Second District, and of his appeals to laboring men to vote against Littlefield. Yet Congressman Allen's plurality sank 3,400; and that of Congressman Powers fell off more than 6,000; and Gompers did not speak against either of them. Indeed, there were some shrewd observers who alleged that Gompers rather aided Littlefield than otherwise; the Democratic candidate, McGullicuddy, is reported to have said that, if Gompers had only kept away, he would have beaten Littlefield. By making the latter a national figure, votes were won for him which otherwise he would not have received. We believe that there is much truth in this reasoning; but, of course, it will not seem even plausible to those who do not know the local conditions. Mr. Littlefield's narrow escape will be pointed to all over the country as a demonstration of the political power of the American Federation of Labor. It will alarm the Republicans, and will, we fear, lead them to ignoble concessions to Gompers, and attempts to placate him, instead of withstanding him in the manly fashion of Mr. Littlefield. Chairman Sherman and Speaker Cannon are both singled out for the Gompers lightning, and it will be interesting to see whether they maintain their Ajax attitude, or try to dodge from now on.

Vermont's fame as a political barometer has been sustained by the results of twelve out of the last thirteen elections. For twenty-six years past a Republican plurality of more than 25,000 in the September election has prefaced a Republican victory in the country at large, while, with a single exception—the off-year election of 1898—one of less than that figure has justified the hope of Democratic success. Fletcher D. Proctor's plurality of 15,676, as given in the unofficial returns, is thus rightly regarded as a hopeful sign for the Democrats. For comparison here are the popular pluralities for Governor, with the corresponding pluralities in the House of Representatives and the Electoral College:

	Vermont Governor.	House of Representatives.	Electoral College.
1880	26,603 R	8 R	69 R
1882	21,373 R	74 D	
1884	22,704 R	84 D	37 D
1886	20,522 R	15 D	
1888	28,995 R	7 R	65 R
1890	14,163 R	148 D	
1892	19,702 R	94 D	132 D
1894	28,521 R	142 R	
1896	38,571 R	72 R	122 R
1898	23,869 R	142 R	
1900	31,312 R	45 R	137 R
1902	24,500 R	32 R	
1904	31,559 R	114 R	196 R
1906	15,676 R		

Vermont, it is true, has not often had a campaign conducted so largely on local issues as that of Proctor and Clement has been, but the habit of shifting its vote on national issues is hard to break.

At the Democratic conference in Albany last week there was plenty of inspiration for all who believe that the Democratic party may yet be made of value in the government of this State. For similar earnestness and determination one must turn back to the anti-snap convention of 1892. That gathering was a protest against the unscrupulous methods of David B. Hill, to whose malign influence must largely be attributed the low estate of the Democratic party in New York to-day. This year's protest had to do mainly with the general disorganization of the party and, next, with the wreckers who, with Hearst at their head, are striving to run off with the remaining parts of the old Hill machine. It was a notable demonstration that in this State there are still Democrats who decline to be bought or to be swept off their feet by the socialistic craze; who yet hold to fixed and historic Democratic principles. More than that, they have a constructive programme. They realize the widespread demand for reform, for the curbing of the criminal corporations. Whether it is in New Jersey, Wisconsin, or Missouri, the popular discontent calls for a change, and with good reason. Here in New York the alliance between the Republican leaders and the pirates of finance makes it impossible to expect any betterment from a machine nomination. Hence the opportunity is the Democracy's.

Portland, Oregon, has a reform Mayor, whose methods of reform are at least thoroughgoing. Harry Lane, a Democrat, it will be remembered, was elected Mayor last year in a strongly Republican city, after the good government element had tried ineffectively in the Republican primary to secure a high-grade nominee for that party. He spent more than a year investigating conditions. Then, suddenly, he electrified Portland by summarily removing the entire city detective force, with the exception of one man. In explanation, he and his police chief have shown the records of crimes committed in the city for ten months past. It appears from these that less than 10 per cent. of the more serious crimes have resulted in arrests. Hence there was a very convincing case of "neglect of duty," certainly far worse than could be sustained on a basis of police records in New York. It will be interesting to watch, however, whether these rejected sleuths really remain off the force. Their appeal for the present seems to be to the Civil Service Board, and not to the courts. But if the Pacific Coast has developed a method by which policemen can be removed so as to stay removed, Eastern cities will soon be sending thitherward to learn how the thing is done.

One State after another may be delivered over to the standpatters, but there is always some State ready to keep alive the cause of tariff revision by the friends of protection. This honor now belongs to Delaware. The Republicans of that State, finally disposing of the pretensions of Addicks as a party leader,

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celebrated their victory by uttering what the Philadelphia *Ledger* calls "the first clear note that has been sounded on the Republican side anywhere." Here is the resolution they adopted last week:

> We believe that a revision of the present tariff laws in the near future would be beneficial to the great mass of the American people, and we also favor a reduction of duties on imports from the Philippine Islands.

This is so plain and unequivocal that voters will find it hard to believe that it is a quotation from a party platform at all. There are no mealy-mouthed phrases about injury to "any American industry," but a simple statement of what the Republicans of Delaware want done. The Blue Hen State was the first to ratify the Federal Constitution. If it leads the way to freer trade, it will again deserve the gratitude of the country.

The news from Cuba is increasingly serious, while the mystery of it deepens. Who is behind this revolt? Whence come the funds that supply the revolutionists with arms and munitions? We do not pretend to believe the stories that filibustering expeditions are being fitted out in this country to aid the revolution, but it is undeniable that the very secrecy which surrounds the whole thing is a cause for uneasiness. In previous revolutions the sources of supply have been pretty well known. This one began without the slightest warning in the way of premonitory rumors. Its rapid spread and the refusal of the leaders to accept amnesty or a truce are causing many people to ask what powerful force is behind it all. It is an unfortunate fact that there are certain large business interests in this country which have everything to gain from a long and disastrous revolution, resulting, perhaps, in American intervention and annexation. In their interest alone it would be desirable to have the present mystery cleared up as soon as possible.

"Somebody ought to have known; somebody ought to have told." That is the burden of many comments on bank defalcations like those of the past few weeks. The solemn resolution of the American Institute of Bank Clerks last Thursday, that it is the duty of clerks in financial institutions to expose the irregularities of their superiors, indicates at least that those who are likely to be in a position to suspect such peculations are awakening to their responsibilities. Why any one should have considered applying the schoolboy's abhorrence of "peaching" to the service of a bank clerk is really one of the mysteries. The honest patrolman, as Mr. McAdoo says in his book, will not associate with the grafter, but neither will he tell what he knows against him. There may have been bank clerks who, on seeing other people's money disappearing in the pockets of the men trusted with it, would exclaim, "No, loyalty and sentiment and the honor of the bank compel me to mind my own business. However, I will not add to the loss by stealing myself." If the Atlantic City resolution is meant for such, it will profit them to read it. Otherwise the criminal law regarding accessories before the fact covers the same point fairly well.

If the packing-house scandals did not decrease the sales of Chicago meat products, where was the packers' grievance all the time? "The Jungle" was published on March 3, 1905. Three months later eleven million more pounds of packing-house products were being sold than in the previous July. The total domestic trade for seven months has been 300,000,000 pounds greater than the corresponding total for the year before the exposures began. It is the foreign and not the domestic trade that has suffered. Nothing could be much more illogical, because everybody with the slightest claim to speak with authority has explained that our export products were far and away superior to those for home consumption. It would be only natural for sales to increase after the new meat-inspection law had guaranteed their quality. Yet the unexpected stimulus to trade, which the packers explain on the ground that the South is selling more cotton and buying more ham and bacon, may have a supplemental explanation in the singular ease and promptness with which the American public gets over a scare and forgets a warning.

The victory of Cambridge over Harvard naturally comes as a disappointment; everything seemed so favorable this year for an American success. Apparently, the crossing of the ocean, the taking in of a substitute, the climatic changes, and the recent great heat were obstacles not easily overcome. But in addition there is the formidable English stroke; we confess that its triumph and that of amateur coaching over professional is the one consolation. The long, easy stroke of the Thames ought to win, for it is the natural one, and is best fitted for the physical training of those who row. Had Harvard succeeded, the professional coach would have been more firmly entrenched at the American Cambridge than ever. Beaten in a fair pull, the Harvard crew have been admirable representatives of the best sportsmanship in America; they faced considerable ill luck without grumbling and took the chances of a difficult and trying course. Their pluck will not fail of its proper recognition. May it be given to at least some of them to turn the tables next year.

An undercurrent of dissatisfaction with what is known as the universal rule of yacht measurement has been apparent in certain quarters throughout the present season, the main contention being that displacement should not be a factor in the rating of a racing craft. Now comes the announcement that at the approaching meeting of the New York Yacht Club an effort will be made to reopen the whole question of yacht rating. If this be true, the result will be nothing less than a calamity. The rule in question was framed at a meeting of Atlantic seaboard yacht clubs in order to eliminate the racing machine, a craft of excessive overhangs, unfit to sail in tumultuous weather, and fit for nothing but racing. The conferrees desired to produce a full-bodied yacht, the greater displacement of which was to be at a premium, being deducted from the rating obtained from sail area, and sailing line. Such a rule was adopted, and its success may be measured by the record of the Herreshoff schooner Queen and the sloop Effort, designed by Henry Gielow. Why, in the face of facts presented by these boats, a rating revision should be agitated, is puzzling. Opponents of the universal rule allege that the extra weight of the boats of the new type causes them to bury their noses in a heavy sea, and that they lack accommodations, neither of which allegations is borne out by the facts. A graver criticism is made: the schooners to be produced by Herreshoff and Cary Smith next season, they say, will present vicious extremities of the rule, measuring 87 feet on the water line, and yet rating with Queen. It may be stated authoritatively that neither of these yachts will exceed 92 feet water line. The new rule, in brief, offered brilliant promise, which has been partially fulfilled. Let us accord it the thorough test it merits.

Simplified spelling would seem to be by way of slaying its thousands, if one could accept without scrutiny the list of 825 university and college professors who have been pledged since August 1 to lead the simpler orthographical life. But to begin with, these scholars have promised merely to use the new spellings "so far as practicable," and, next, as a whole the signers carry rather little weight on the matter in hand. There are, to be sure, a few professors of literature on the list, and a handful who may be said to represent a kind of literary authority, but by and large the list, so far as published, is made up of teachers of science. These gentlemen are doubtless willing to help a good cause along, and presumably many of them have given their adhesion to simplified spelling much as they would to a petition

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for universal virtue. But their correspondence is, after all, not the norm and mirror of good literary form. Any editor who has had experience with academic contributors knows too well that in many cases it makes no difference what grammar, rhetoric, or spelling-book they profess, practically they phrase worse and spell no better than the average college graduate. Their preference does not constitute literary precedent. We begin to fear the simplifiers when we learn that Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, Henry James, T. B. Aldrich, and other writers of that grade are insisting that their works be printed in the new style.

Mark Twain's autobiography, which begins in the current *North American Review*, will be far more interesting than his diaries of Adam and Eve, just because he has, in writing about himself, the kind of realistic background that he always needed for his best work. It is too much to hope that Mr. Clemens, while discussing the *quibusdam aliis* according to his plan, will give away to some oncoming author the secret of his genial humor. But there is a delightful hint at his method in this first instalment. We have known that the works by which he will be remembered are those that spring from the homely soil of the Middle West, and from the life he actually knew. It begins to appear now that his characters, too, were drawn from real people. The inimitable Col. Sellers was a genuine person, a cousin of Mr. Clemens; and those turnips and that bucket of water were a fact. Mr. Clemens himself, as a boy, ate and drank of that repast, while the Colonel presided as if over a royal banquet. And the prophetic millions were no invention of the humorist. Late in life the Colonel dined with Mr. Clemens and Mr. Cable, and the undaunted gentleman began to tell of a little project he had begun in New Mexico through his son:

> Under his deft hands it grew, and blossomed, and spread—oh, beyond imagination. At the end of half an hour he finished; finished with the remark, uttered in an adorably languid manner:
>
> "Yes, it is but a trifle, as things go nowadays—a bagatelle—but amusing. It passes the time. The boy thinks great things of it, but he is young, you know, and imaginative; lacks the experience which comes of handling large affairs, and which tempers the fancy and perfects the judgment. I suppose there's a couple of millions in it, possibly three, but not more, I think; still, for a boy, you know, just starting in life, it is not bad. I should not want him to make a fortune—let that come later. It could turn his head, at his time of life, and in many ways be a damage to him."
>
> Then he said something about his having left his pocketbook lying on the table in the main drawing-room at home, and about its being after banking hours, now, and—

If in any way communicable, Mark Twain's humor may be said to lie in this acquaintance with the homely and kindly incongruities of actual life.

The Kaiser is the greatest general of the great army of professional optimists. "Pessimists I will not endure," he has just said in Breslau, "and let him who is not suited to labor leave and seek, if he will, a better country." He then proceeded to create a large number of optimists by distributing no less than 921 orders and decorations among his loyal Breslauers. This speech has recalled another one made by the Emperor in 1892 when he went even further and informed all "unhappy grumblers" that they had "better shake the dust of Germany from their slippers and withdraw as rapidly as possible from our wretched and miserable conditions. They would then be better off and they would do us a very great favor." Should the Kaiser really banish all who are pessimistic about his government, the next census would show an alarming falling off in the number of his subjects available for military service. There are, for example, the three million Socialist voters, who are distinctly of a pessimistic cast, and support their candidates against the Emperor's express assertion that only traitors to their country would do so. Perhaps the Kaiser has recently seen in the Berlin papers Alexander Moskowski's bitter little story of the man who fell from the moon, and, after travelling all over the world in search of the best country, returned to Germany for permanent residence. When asked why, he replied: "My reasons are quite simple. I have observed in various countries how the State's money is thrown about and what a part protection, corruption, dissipation, folly, and waste have each played in its expenditure. The extreme of each of these faults I found in Germany. So I said to myself, 'A nation which can stand all that without jumping the track must be the best.' Therefore I want to become a German." There is just enough truth in this little tale to have given it a wide circulation in the German press.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in many respects the ablest newspaper in Germany and its leading financial daily, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment. Originally founded as a commercial journal, it has become the foremost exponent of Liberal political beliefs, toadying to no one in authority and unstinted in its censure of narrow bureaucratic methods of government. Had this paper been founded in Berlin it could hardly have become the power it is. Bismarck would have thrown all his influence against it. But Frankfort, the seat of great culture and wealth, was in the forties and fifties the geographical centre of the German Liberalism which survived the revolution of 1848-49, and therefore, even in 1856, a fruitful field for the new newspaper. It is interesting to note in these days of "business-office" and sensational journalism that, without catering either to the advertisers or to scandal-lovers, the paper has been a decided pecuniary success. Its great establishment is one of the sights of Frankfort, and its circulation outside of that city itself is, we believe, unexcelled in Germany. In respect to its special correspondents the world over, it is truly the London *Times* of Germany. As far back as the sixties it had its own representative in New York, and its discussions of American business affairs have been notably fair and intelligent. The same care and attention have been bestowed on the presentation of financial news from other portions of the earth; not even the Argentine Republic is too far away for its affairs to be covered by occasional well-informed letters. But for the foreign reader the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has one defect—the habit of publishing several distinct editions which are in themselves separate issues. Hence the delivery of the parts goes on all day; after the first "morning paper" there may be six or seven more, only to be followed by several four or six-page evening issues, all totally different.

Since more and more American tourists visit Spain each year, the news that the Alhambra, the Mecca of all pilgrims to that country, is in greater danger of total destruction than ever before will arouse widespread interest in this country. The Government contributes 45,000 pesetas a year for its preservation, but that sum has proved quite inadequate for present urgent needs, and one cannot help wishing, therefore, that some wealthy American art patron might immortalize himself by coming to the rescue. That the Alhambra has survived to this day is in itself a marvel. During its five centuries of existence it has been subjected to severe trials. Shattered, at one time, by an explosion, and shaken by earthquakes, it has at other times sunk so low as to be a habitation of smugglers, and even a stable for French army horses. The present danger lies in the fact that the foundations are being undermined by waters from the old ruined conduits. Not only are the Government appropriations insufficient to meet this condition, but the situation is complicated by a quarrel among the three directors. This has resulted in the resignation, after thirty-five years of service, of the eminent expert in Oriental architecture, Señor Contreras. He has restored many of the tiles, as well as the figures and colors and the other mural decorations, thus giving a fair idea of what the Moorish palace was in the days of its glory.

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SHAW CONTRA MUNDUM.

Secretary Shaw, speaking at Winston-Salem, N. C., on Monday, dealt man fashion with the complaint that American protected goods are sold abroad far cheaper than at home. To be sure they are, he said; why not? The Government, by paying drawbacks on goods for export or by permitting their manufacture in bond from free raw materials, intentionally affords this facility to the American manufacturer:

> During the last fiscal year approximately $10,000,000 worth of invoiced ores for smelting, material for manufacture, and distilled spirits and tobacco were thus used, and the entire product exported and no duty or internal revenue paid thereon. . . . To the extent of this saving in the cost of the finished product, the smelter and manufacturer could reduce his export price and still make the same profit.

There we have the matter in its bald simplicity; and Mr. Shaw proceeds confidently to explain why the manufacturer, already virtually subsidized at home, should be freed in addition from any tax that hampers his trade abroad. It is chiefly because the American manufacturer employs labor, and pays to it, by estimate, about half the amount of his gross business. Take more concretely the case of the American Iron and Steel Company of Lebanon, Pa., which exported spikes and bolts for $75,000 a year, receiving a drawback of $10,000 against duty paid on its imported raw material. The nature of the transaction Mr. Shaw describes as follows:

> In effect, the Government said to this concern: "If you will consume $35,000 worth of American labor in the manufacture of $75,000 worth of spikes and bolts, there will be paid back to you as soon as you export your product $10,000 of the duty which you pay on the billets consumed." This drawback enabled this concern to sell $75,000 worth of spikes and bolts abroad for $65,000, and make the same profit as if sold at home for $75,000.

This concession is made for the further reason that, unhappily, it is impossible "to protect the American producer of spikes and bolts in the foreign market." The Government cannot do everything, but for a struggling and deserving class it will do what it can.

The dogma implied is clear-cut—for this we thank Mr. Shaw: the American manufacturer must be favored in all markets, because the Government regards him as the trustee for American labor. Evidently, he enjoys a monopoly in this trust. The farmers deserve no consideration in this capacity, although they employ nearly four million and a half laborers; somebody or other, according to the census, employs 2,629,000 "laborers not specified"; but this class of employers is not helped that it may help labor. There are about a million women engaged in domestic service; but Uncle Sam does not aid the average man's business in the ratio that he pays cook, waitress, and laundress. No; Mr. Shaw makes it as clear as crystal that the manufacturing class, and no other, is Uncle Sam's grand almoner. On this point we should be glad to have Mr. Samuel Gompers's opinion. Supposing the Government to be actively in the work of coddling the working man, could not the American Federation of Labor devise some more direct method than remitting the manufacturer's taxes? It might be worth while also to have the opinion of the Charity Organization Society, on procuring employment for the needy by staking an enterprise that paid about half its gross proceeds in wages. But Mr. Shaw deserves all credit for standing by his guns. From him comes no namby-pamby hint of revising the tariff "when conditions permit"; he makes it perfectly clear that the manufacturer is Uncle Sam's baby, and of right and solely entitled to all the pap a paternal Government can provide. Or better, if any infant industry has grown up, it merely becomes an agent of charity, and as such worthy of all support. By the same token, the literary class should be compelled to keep Mr. Carnegie in funds because he spends an appreciable portion of his income in libraries.

This issue Mr. Shaw faces with official optimism and a personal heroism truly exalted. Fully realizing the infamy of buying too cheap, he perceives the blessedness of paying too dear. Industrial suffering there must be, he admits, but he vows:

> I will use my best efforts that it come not nigh my country. If, to accomplish this, it shall be necessary that I pay more for my clothes, more for my shoes, more for my sewing machine, more for my typewriter, more for the barbed wire used on my Iowa farm than is paid for the same articles in Europe, then I will not object. I will consent to pay a little more than otherwise would be necessary to the end that the products of American labor shall be put on foreign markets.

Few of us perhaps are capable of this lofty altruism, and of that few how many are willing to undertake the support of the American manufacturer as a means of favoring about 14 per cent. of our wage-earners? Mr. Shaw, as the Calvin of the protective creed, is free to believe that the Dingley act was foreordained from the beginning of the world; but he moves in an atmosphere of faith too rarefied for the plain American citizen.

"RELIEVING THE MONEY MARKET."

That Secretary Shaw's step for relieving the money market last week was taken when the market was approaching a critical position, no one can deny. The stringency, which brought about a 40 per cent. rate for Stock Exchange day-to-day loans, was not confined to speculative borrowings, but had spread to the market for merchants' discounts; rates for such loans had risen to figures seldom paralleled at this season. On the other hand, the cause of this unsettlement was not mercantile operations, but the exploits of a ring of powerful Wall Street speculators. This combination of capitalists, backed apparently by banks and banking houses under their influence, has deranged the whole structure of Wall Street credits. The sound and logical remedy for that danger would be the forced abandonment of their undertaking by these wealthy speculators, and their expulsion from the market as another and equally notorious stock-jobbing clique was expelled, under very similar conditions, in September, 1902. Secretary Shaw has chosen to ignore this possible way out, and to risk the criticism, which will surely be bestowed upon him, for using the Government's resources to help rich speculators out of an awkward scrape.

We do not say that a Secretary of the Treasury should never take steps to relieve a disastrous strain on legitimate business credits. Every such action must be judged according to the gravity of the emergency and the means employed. The method adopted by the Secretary in this instance is, however, open to objection. Mr. Shaw has ventured to repeat his experiment of last April, when Stock Exchange money rates, under the demands of speculators, went to 30 per cent. and New York bank reserves fell below the legal limit. At that time, as at present, Wall Street had been endeavoring to get gold from Europe, and had not succeeded. The Secretary then announced that the price of exchange "had reached the point where gold ought to have been imported," that "the reason it was not engaged was the loss of its use during transit." He therefore decided that Government money should be lent free of interest, against collateral of the savings bank class, to any bank undertaking to import an equivalent amount in gold. The same plan is the present expedient of the Treasury.

Last April, when this new-fangled scheme was tried, we pointed out the fundamental objections. First and foremost, it was avowedly a bit of meddling, by a Government officer, in a market where he had no business whatever. The Treasury, we admit, has some concern in a stringency caused by lock-up of cash in Government vaults. That it has any right or title to concern itself about the rate of foreign exchange, or about a banker's ability to import gold, cannot for an instant be maintained, except on the theory that the Treasury is a fraternal institution, bound to use its available funds for any one's conveni-

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ence. Such a theory, baldly stated, is preposterous, yet we defy the most ingenious defender of Mr. Shaw's experiment to produce any other. If the Treasury had been hoarding money and thereby depriving the market of normal facilities, the obvious recourse would be to restore to the market the money taken from it. Nothing of the sort is done. By the terms of the Secretary's offer, the Treasury will not deposit money with a bank until that bank has engaged for import an equal amount in gold; and the Treasury further requires return of such deposit, the instant the gold arrives. This should make clear the true nature of the transaction.

Importing gold is not a function of the Government; it is part of a banker's private business. He obtains gold abroad, and brings it to this country, when the rate of exchange is sufficient to pay for freight, insurance, and loss of interest during transit, and to yield him, in addition, a reasonable profit. When the Secretary explained, last April, that the reason why gold was not engaged was "the loss of its interest during transit," he was simply saying that the exchange market did not yet yield a large enough profit to tempt a gold-importer. This profit the Treasury obligingly undertakes to provide by lending him money for nothing. If this is a proper use for Government money, we fail to see where the line is drawn. What is to hinder some benevolent autocrat of the Treasury hereafter from announcing that, the price of stocks having reached the point where recovery ought to have ensued, and believing the reason why no recovery ensued to be the lack of available capital to purchase them, the Sub-Treasury is authorized to advance money free of interest to national banks undertaking to buy stocks? We do not suppose Mr. Shaw will admit the fairness of the parallel; but to us it seems the *reductio ad absurdum* of his whole expedient.

As to the permanent effect of the Treasury's offer, we profess doubts. Aside from its impropriety as a measure in public finance, the project of helping gold imports by making them cheaper is economically crude. The large forces which govern the movement of gold, from one market to another, make small account of such petty expedients as this. "Special facilities" such as Secretary Shaw's have been offered at times to gold importers by banks in foreign cities, and they were sometimes effective in diverting, from one destination to another, gold already in motion. But they never caused gold export from any market which would not have exported gold without the "special facilities" to foreign buyers. If, as is probable, this market should receive substantial sums of gold from Europe in the near future, it will not be because of the Treasury's allowance to the banks, but because our bankers have borrowed so heavily abroad, to bolster up their pending operations, that they have turned the balance of international exchange heavily in our favor.

NEW LIGHT ON THE GALLICAN CONTROVERSY.

Pius X., in his Encyclical of August 10, rejected the Separation act *in toto*, and declared that the *Associations cultuelles* required by it were incompatible with canon law. He further stated that the French bishops in assembly had rejected the plan of associations, writing: "Knowing your way of thinking, . . . we see that we should confirm by our Apostolic authority the nearly unanimous opinion of your assembly. For this reason, speaking of the *Associations cultuelles* as the law imposes, We decree that they absolutely cannot be formed without violating the sacred rights that concern the very life of the Church." Recent disclosures in the *Temps* and *Siècle* give us what actually occurred late last May, when, by command of the Pope, seventy-four French bishops met in the archiepiscopal palace at Paris. At the session of May 30 they voted an address of loyalty to the Supreme Pontiff, and disapproved the Separation act in principle by a virtually unanimous vote. It has been charitably suggested that the two dissenting voices were those of certain very aged bishops whose eyes failed to distinguish between the *oui* and *non* of the typewritten official ballots. Next day, after long discussion and while still condemning the legal associations as an unjust stipulation, the bishops voted, 48 to 26, to comply with the law, and approved an elaborate report of the Archbishop of Besançon, providing for parish committees at once conformable to canon law and the Separation act.

We have no desire to dwell upon the unhappy discrepancy between Pius X.'s Encyclical and the facts of the bishops' assembly. We should, indeed, hardly touch upon a subject chiefly of Roman Catholic interest, if it were not that the revelation of the true attitude of the French bishops opens an opportunity for a *modus vivendi* under the Separation act. The Encyclical, in spite of its uncompromising tenor, does actually leave a loophole for compromise. The Gallican Church, through its bishops, has adopted a plan for retaining its churches under the law. That plan might yet be adopted at the Vatican, as we shall see, without formally reversing the dictum of an infallible Pope. The report of the Archbishop of Besançon may still serve as a basis for religious peace in France. The Pope may have ignored it for tactical reasons; he has never expressly rejected it.

The plan is simple in the extreme. The Gallican Church is willing to set up in each parish a building association (*Association fabricienne*). Clerics must predominate in the membership, which subscribes to an elaborate declaration of fealty to the Catholic Church, and more immediately to the bishop. But the administrative functions of each association will be chiefly exercised by a smaller executive committee (*conseil d'administration*), with the curé as chairman. This committee, in behalf of the association, will maintain the parish services, keep the buildings, pay priests and employees, and in general assume the financial responsibility for the parish. What an *Association fabricienne* is to the Church—a simple revival of an historical name and order—would be to the State an *Association cultuelle* in entire conformity with the Separation act. It is, Mgr. Fulbert Petit admits, a question of words, but words, he added, "have their influence and also their destiny whether for good or evil."

When Pius X., it is reported, learned that the French bishops had voted nearly two to one in favor of the above plan, he exclaimed: "They have voted against me—they have voted as Frenchmen"; and, as we have seen, a few weeks later the Encyclical gave the impression that the bishops had almost unanimously pronounced against any compliance with the Separation act. But, happily, the Encyclical also contained this clause:

> Putting aside these associations, which consciousness of our duty forbids us to approve, it might seem opportune to examine if one may lawfully try in their place some other sort of association at once legal and canonical, and thus preserve the Catholics of France from the grave complications which menace them.

Now, since two-thirds of the bishops of France have actually approved a form of association which seems to them "at once legal and canonical," the way should still be open to a reconsideration at the Vatican. The same influence that induced Pius X. to misconceive the mind of the Gallican Church, should be capable of perceiving, on maturer deliberation, the true import of the vote of its assembled bishops. Meanwhile, time pleads the cause of the French bishops eloquently. If compliance was expedient with expulsion from the churches six months away, it may be said to be urgent when only three months stand between the faithful and expropriation.

That the Gallican Church will obey the Pope implicitly, whatever his final decision, admits of no doubt. If he desires what the bishops have variously called "warfare" and "passive resistance," they will loyally undergo the hardships of the campaign. But it would be highly deplorable if the Head

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CARNEGIE BRANCH

of the Catholic Church should persistently reject the counsel of the French bishops on a matter in which they are peculiarly fitted to judge. They assume that the requirements of the Separation act, while oppressive, will be carried out in good faith; that the State will recognize genuinely Catholic associations, and will give no countenance to those of a fraudulent sort. Pius X. assumes the contrary, unless indeed the Encyclical of August was a conscious overstatement for purposes of negotiation. That negotiation may soon lead to adjustment, is much to be hoped.

GERMAN AND AMERICAN BUSINESS METHODS.

The Emperor's appointment of Bernhard Dernburg as head of the hitherto mismanaged Colonial Office has created a veritable sensation throughout Germany. This is not merely because Dernburg, a Jew of the pushing and aggressive type, has succeeded a prince of the royal blood, or because he had not hitherto held a Government place. It is announced that he represents "up-to-date American business methods," and that his successful introduction of Yankee ideas, garnered in a New York banking office, into the management of his bank, attracted the Emperor's attention. Whatever may be said of his choice, which certainly reveals the Kaiser as a man of broad ideas, and without racial prejudice, it will unquestionably, like the organization of the new Amerika Bank in Berlin by American and German capitalists, increase German interest in our industrial and financial conditions.

What is the difference between our business methods and those of the Germans? A French journalist, Jules Huret, who recently published a book on this country and is now writing for the Paris *Figaro*, declares that during five months in Germany nothing has struck him so much as the frequent suggestions of America, not only in the industrial life, but in the appearance of the streets of the great cities. He is amazed at the way the business men plunge boldly into great enterprises. Analyzing more closely, a German writer, Theodor Vogelstein, whose elaborate study of the "Style of American Business Life" has just appeared in the *Süddeutsche Monatshefte*, finds many points of difference. He is particularly impressed by the concentration of the various trades in certain sections of our cities, and by the contentment with which business rivals conduct their affairs side by side. This is illustrated by the wholesale dry goods and leather districts in New York, and is, by the way, a return to mediæval conditions, when trades-people were compelled to live in given quarters. The readiness with which Americans resort to telephone, telegraph, and the railroad train, and the nonchalance with which the San Francisco business man steps on the cars for New York—as if he were going to a nearby suburb—fairly astound Herr Vogelstein.

The greatest differences he notices are the most significant—the independence, sturdy self-respect, and self-reliance of the American, whether he be an office-boy or the senior partner. Every office-boy aims to head the firm, and every clerk expects to be a millionaire. It is regarded as an extraordinary phenomenon in Germany if a subordinate without means is elevated to a partnership; something which happens here every day. The obsequious bowing and toadying of inferiors to their employers so frequently seen in Germany are foreign to this country. Indeed, the respect with which the head of a great house treats a $5 a week employee and takes his suggestions is equalled, in Herr Vogelstein's eyes, only by the familiarity of the Western workman with his boss, which injures neither, and in no wise detracts from the efficiency of the business. The readiness of the American middle-class employee to assume responsibilities and act independently is also a revelation to a foreigner. The absence of the elaborate business reference, so usual in Germany, Herr Vogelstein also notes. In America an applicant for a situation is "sized up" on his looks and then put to work. Young Germans are generally crestfallen at the failure of their official-looking certificates of proficiency to attract any attention in New York offices.

But if the average American is far ahead of the German in aggressiveness, push, and readiness to assume responsibility, the German leads in the thoroughness of his general and his commercial schooling. We are only just beginning to get schools of commerce in this country and high-class business colleges. In the Emperor's domain this kind of education has been carried much further, the first school in Berlin for business instruction having been founded in 1791. Just now an elaborate school of this character has been opened in that city to give the merchant or business man a specially adapted scientific training. Its object is twofold: the supplementing of the pupil's general education and the increase of his technical knowledge. Young business men who have passed through the apprentice stage are the students sought, and for them it is meant to be what the war college is to the army officer and the post-graduate year to the medical man. Accounts of other similar schools are given in the current *North American Review*. Such methodical training as the German boy who enters a business or a bank gets is something quite unknown to us; nor do our young merchants or bankers often think it wise to travel abroad or enter foreign employment. Young German students of good family can be found in every capital, willingly exiling themselves for a couple of years for the sake of the experience and the language to be acquired. And it is through trained young men of this kind, who are equipped to study a market and then supply its needs, that Germany has obtained, for instance, her extraordinary position in the South American trade.

Louis J. Magee, to whose admirable articles on "The American and German Peril" we have already called attention, is equally struck with the greater thoroughness of the Teuton education. He finds, too, after years of residence there, that the German mind is more friendly to order, clearness, precision, and organization; as a result the strength of the German business machine is relied upon, instead of the daring resourcefulness and independence of decision so often called in by us "to save a situation where correct procedure means catastrophe." Herr Vogelstein admits that the heavens might fall before a subordinate of his country would violate a superior's order even if it meant a great loss to the business. Because of this attitude the naturally conservative German is far too apt to get into ruts or to submit patiently to much red tape. This is only partly counterbalanced by his greater readiness to apply the latest teachings of science to his industry. Altogether, we are inclined to think that what the Kaiser hopes from Herr Dernburg is the thing popularly known as American "hustle"—the ability to go right to the point, to decide quickly, to act aggressively by means of simple and direct methods.

LITERARY TEACHING VS. TEACHING LITERATURE.

A good deal of recent educational discussion has concerned the teaching of a subject that possibly cannot, in the ordinary sense, be taught, to wit, literature. It is evident that one may teach the language in which any work of literature is written; one may also teach the biography of writers or the history of literary tendencies; whether one can inculcate the direct appreciation of literature, which is, after all, the main affair for your schoolboy or college student—is more than doubtful. A statistician will cry aloud that there are hundreds of chairs devoted to literature, ancient and modern, but the question is not the number or dignity of the chairs, but what is actually taught therefrom. An actual analysis of results would, we believe, show that professors of Greek, Latin, French, German, etc., taught their respective languages, and that professors of English taught sometimes philology, again literary history—useful studies in themselves—but only in rare instances literature itself.

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This does not evince an inferiority in teachers of English as a class; it merely indicates what has been known since the Attic Age, that the contemporary tongue is about the poorest medium for initiation into literary appreciation. The Athenian youth got his letters largely from the, to him, quite exotic dialect of the Homeric epos. The Roman youth drank of the Pierian spring by way of Greek; the youth of the Middle Ages sought literature in the Latin writers; the Renaissance found Greece again, and the nineteenth century has discovered its "new humanities" in the literatures of modern Europe. In every case, be it noted, available pedagogical values have inhered, not in the contemporary, but in an ancient or, more often, a foreign tongue. It needs no argument that the disciplinary and probably the literary value of English for a German is twofold that for an American or Briton. In fact, it is only of recent years that teaching the native literature has in any land been put on a par with teaching foreign tongues, and the worth of the innovation is still measurably on trial.

The fallacy of teaching a French collegiate student Molière, an Englishman Shakspere, a German Goethe, is that you use good academic hours and stipends in forcing him to read what, as a man of culture, he ought to read on his own account. The Englishman who has lived with his Sophocles, or even with his Corneille, has the open sesame to Shakspere; nor does the student who has really mastered his Dante need any especial guidance for Milton. On all practical grounds, the collegiate teaching of English has in many minds a supererogatory look. It is defensible, we take it, merely on the theory that many horses and students must be not only led to water, but made to drink. In other phrase, the elaborate provision of courses in modern English literature is largely a substitute for culture in the home—frequently a tardy and poor substitute. In the schools English may fairly be regarded as a missionary enterprise, and needs no apology; in the university proper it is obviously on an equality with the other languages and literatures. In the colleges, lacking a sound disciplinary basis, it is at a moral disadvantage, and properly. It rarely is as exigent as the other language courses; it rarely is as suggestive as regards formative appreciation. Many a student dates his awakening from "The Cid," "Laokoön," "Faust," the "Divine Comedy"; a few are lucky enough to have Homer, Virgil, or Plato as their initiator; how many can honestly impute their æsthetic conversion to Shakspere, Spenser, or Wordsworth, as expounded in the classroom? In fine, if a boy has the established habit of reading, English courses are time-wasting; if he has not, the beauties of a foreign author, somewhat laboriously attained, are more likely to get under his skin. Probably the best-read college students—in English, we mean—are Oxford undergraduates of the ambitious sort; and everybody knows that they read as they breathe, without benefit of faculty. Social differences count for something in the matter; but the query seems pertinent, in view of Oxford's literary supremacy, May not the best way to teach English be to teach something else, possibly the classics?

However this be, the professor of English may often seem to be under the unenviable disadvantage of teaching in cold blood and without a disciplinary basis what the teachers of Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian teach better by indirection. For, if the teaching of literature is, as we have hinted, extremely difficult—because not facts but a state of mind is to be inculcated—literary teaching is easy, nay, an inevitable by-product, with every professor who has the love of letters and an available fund of human sympathy. The man whose mind is stored with literary parallels, whose browsing has ranged over wide fields of letters, whose experience of life has brought confirmation of the intuitions of the poets and dramatists, of the wisdom of the philosophers, cannot but make his teaching count for taste. May not the problem of teaching literature in the colleges be merely to man the faculties with humanists of this sort?

This editorial will have been much misread if anybody imagines that we would incontinently put all the English professors upon the Carnegie Fund. We do all honor to those whose resourcefulness has prevailed over the disadvantages of the subject; our hats are off to those rare souls who, under the guise of teaching English, do actually profess most suggestively things in general, and the issues of human life. We respect heartily the teachers of English in the primary and secondary schools—true evangelists *in partibus*. But we are convinced that the whole matter of collegiate English needs an honest weighing from the point of view of educational values, for at our great universities such studies seem to be gaining a questionable preponderance. More generally, it should be asked whether much time or money should be spent in the vain attempt to teach literature as such. In how many colleges and universities do elaborate schedules of courses in literature only give ironical prominence to the complete absence of literary teaching! But it is always easier to contrive methods than to find men.

A PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

GHENT, August 20.

For the third time I have come to see the international exhibition of painting, sculpture, and black-and-white that Ghent holds every three years, and for the third time I wonder to find so large and important a show in so comparatively small a town. Really, in London, until the days of the International, there was no exhibition of contemporary work that could approach it in breadth and excellence and ambition. In the Royal Academy, even in the New Gallery's annual summer show, the effort is to keep out the foreigner, or at least to keep him in the background. At Ghent, the effort is to attract him and give him every prominence. The galleries, in the Casino of the town, are admirably arranged, the walls hung with a quiet neutral gray, the works well spaced and balanced.

In the work exhibited nothing is more striking than the indifference to the academic, the conventional. In Belgium you might think art was now but one insistent protest against convention. The foreign artists are chiefly English and French, with here and there an American, a German, a Dutchman, a Spaniard; and in very few cases do they represent the academic bodies at home. From the old Salon, I discovered only M. Pointelin, M. Bail, and M. Henri Martin; from the Royal Academy, only Mr. Brangwyn and Mr. Strang, such new associates that they have not had time to become academical, and Alfred East, who has no paintings and but one print. It is the independents who appear in force—artists like Louis Legrand, Caro-Delvaille, Aman-Jean, Hochard Garrido, Charles Guérin, the most modern of the modern group at the new Salon; members of the International Society and the new English Art Club, the two bodies in England supposed to lead the opposition. It is needless for me to describe their work in detail, for there is little, if anything, that they have not already shown in Paris and London. The portraits by Mr. Shannon, Mr. Sauter, Mr. Lavery, the landscapes by Mr. Priestman, Mr. Muhrman, Mr. Peppercorn, the fantasies by Mr. Conder, the prints by Mr. Pennell, E. J. Sullivan, Morley Fletcher,—all these I have written about in the *Nation* not so many months since; as I have also about the paintings and prints by the Frenchmen who contribute what is interesting to point out. These are the things of foreign art which give its character to the exhibition at Ghent, as, indeed, they are the straws that show the way the wind of art is blowing all over Europe.

To return to the Belgian work is to see how entirely the Belgians have been influenced by the spirit of revolt. They are only too self-conscious in their emancipation; and self-consciousness, if it may do much for movements, seldom does anything at all for art. Their work shrieks at you from every side. You seem to see them, like Ibsen's young man, waving the banner of freedom in your face. And, to be honest, they are just a trifle belated in their belligerent rebellion—just as Ibsen's young man nowadays is decidedly old-fashioned. Theories of art, formulas, recipes, that have come and gone and been forgotten in Paris, are persevered in with, it must be confessed, a genuine vigor and ability that seem wasted in their present application. Screaming color, purple and blue shadows, *pointillisme* gone mad, brush marks exaggerated to the point of caricature, the gruesome in subject, the grotesque, an ex-

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cess of naturalism—all that a bewildered public has a way of jumbling together under the one convenient term, impressionism, confronts you at every step. The difficulty is that that which was done by the leaders of the various movements in grim earnest, in a determined and earnest search after truth, becomes affectation in their followers.

As I have said, however, ability there is and that in good measure. M. Claus and M. Buysse have both accomplished fine work in their close and careful study of the effects of light and atmosphere, and both are seen at their best. M. Buysse, in rendering the pale light of the sun rising over the tranquil canal and the passing away of the storm from the low canal-crossed land of Flanders, is more subdued and tender than he showed himself in the treatment of his earlier, more brilliant themes. Tenderness is not exactly a quality I can imagine M. Claus caring to cultivate, but he has seldom, if ever, been as quiet and restful as in one of his September mornings, with the mists still shrouding the peaceful meadow land, where one woman, a vague form in the grayness, drives her two cows to pasture. But he returns to his more usual manner in another September morning, where the trees in a heavy line rise against a golden sky so brilliant you blink as you look at it. But M. Claus is sobriety itself when compared to M. Van Rysselberghe, who has pushed *pointillisme* to such an extreme that I hope no artist again will be tempted to emulate him. He has two nudes, one a scheme of blue dots, the other a scheme of crimson dots, that refuse to resolve themselves into anything save dots, no matter at what distance you may stand from them. But his most ambitious performance is a large group, portraits of distinguished Belgians, Maeterlinck among them, in which every figure and every detail of the background—the well-filled bookcase, the vase with its bunch of gay flowers—are all carried out elaborately by the same series of dots. That he had the courage and the patience to adapt his technique to so elaborate a theme and to adhere to it throughout is extraordinary—but deplorable. He has only succeeded in making his canvas look like one of those tedious mosaics where the craftsman endeavors to achieve the pictorial completeness for which his medium was never intended.

If there is a great deal of work of this kind, it is only fair to explain that there is also a good deal in which independence proclaims itself with greater moderation. The painting by M. Léon Frédéric has always interested me. It has, I admit, an unpleasant hardness, a flatness, a crudeness of color—qualities that, at times, recall Holman Hunt. But it has also a seriousness that compels respect—a knowledge and vigor Holman Hunt could never pretend to—and his large group of peasants, in blouses, sitting round the rough table of a little café, is so simple and scholarlike in technique that it comes as a positive relief. M. Frédéric has treated the figures as if they were so many pieces of still-life, and yet with a sympathy that has a certain solemnity highly impressive whether you will or no. M. Ensor, in his own way, shows that he does not believe sensationalism to be the only alternative to the academic. He can make a street in Ostend amusing by the way he sees it; he can get quality out of its houses, color out of their red roofs, without extravagance of vision or eccentricity of technique. M. Khnopff does not contribute; but there are two church interiors, gray, quiet, solemn, that he might have inspired, by M. Alfred Delannois. And Willaert, Wytsman, Verstraete have careful, if not over-fresh or stimulating work.

Nor must I give the idea that all the work from abroad has been chosen for its eccentricity and extravagance. It is a pleasure to see again the portraits and landscapes M. Cottet, at various times, has had at the old Salon; the vague, pale, shadowy lady in violet, by M. Aman-Jean, and one of the little impressions of Quebec, white under its mantle of snow, by Mr. Morrice, that were exhibited in Paris this year. Here, too, is one of M. Le Sidaner's dim, ghostly gardens; and M. Le Sidaner, if his mannerisms are unmistakable, does not thrust them upon you—he has at least this in common with M. Aman-Jean, that he asserts himself by the subdued note he strikes in the midst of the competitive clamor. The sombre landscapes and river-sides, all murky browns, dull reds, tawny golds, of Mr. Muhrman, hold their own by the same power of reticence, and sometimes by a tragic grandeur M. Aman-Jean and M. Le Sidaner have never yet attained.

Other quiet canvases, full of the distinction restraint can give, are hidden away in the more remote corners or reveal themselves on the second and third round of the galleries, many showing the ever-increasing influence of Whistler; portraits that never would have been painted save for him, streets and seas as they never would have been seen had he not first recorded them in just these aspects on his canvas. The growth of Whistler's influence, now so marked, is one of the most hopeful and promising signs of the day. Cleverness may astonish for the moment, but nothing is more fatiguing in the long run. It sends you back with renewed zest to the dignity and reserve that the Old Masters had the intelligence to prize above display, above the meretricious facility of the studios.

There is less tendency to the clever in the Black-and-White Section, so that one regrets it has not been made a more important feature. There is not more than enough to fill two small rooms, but what there is has been well and discreetly chosen. It comes almost altogether from London, transposed bodily, you might fancy, from the show of black-and-white the International Society gave last winter in London, with the addition of a series of drawings by M. Renouard.

The sculpture is not so satisfactory. You would think the countrymen of Constantin Meunier could hardly countenance the inane and banal performances that fill the sculpture court, the smooth and pretty and characterless faces of the portrait busts, the old and well-worn poses and gestures of the statues. In such company Alfred Gilbert's one contribution, a bust in plaster, tinted—"Buste de Ch. Popp. Portrait"—seems but the more distinguished. There is such vigor in the modelling, such vivacity, such force, it has the effect of real flesh and blood suddenly dropped into the middle of a troupe of puppets. And it is the artist who can do this fine, virile work, whom the Academy, though it claims him, has allowed to become an exile from London, and to set up his studio in Bruges. Say what I may about the excess of eccentricity into which many Belgians have plunged headlong, excess is healthier than the stagnation, the calm acceptance of the commonplace, that makes London's Academy the rubbish hole it is, and even the old Salon a byword among artists.

N. N.

Correspondence.

ACQUIRING LANGUAGES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I venture some comments on the matter of Professor Lodge's article on teaching Latin in the *Nation* of August 30. Everybody knows that *In der Beschränkung zeigt sich der Meister*. The principle thus enunciated is sound in pedagogy as in most other things. But there is danger, I think, that concentration may begin too early. No one will deny that a student's ability to read a foreign text depends largely on his general knowledge. There are many words in every classical writer that cannot be interpreted from the dictionary; their meaning must be deduced from the context. The same student will find Homer easy because the thoughts are simple, and the "Phædo" difficult because the reasoning is, for the most part, beyond his intellectual reach. The obstacle is not the vocabulary as such, but the special sense in which many of the words are used. For the same reason, Greek lyric poetry is more difficult than epic poetry or than prose. It is no uncommon thing to come across passages from Greek or Latin authors that puzzle us if we do not happen to know whence they are taken, although we may know the general meaning of every word.

While it is true that many of our textbooks for the study of both ancient and modern authors contain entirely too much matter that is more or less irrelevant, the question has another side. Such matter, if judiciously selected, will have a permanent value to the learner. Let me refer to an item of personal experience. When a student at college, I read Horace, among other Latin authors. We got very little in class except what is found in Lincoln's edition. Some years later I read the same author with Professor Teuffel. But what a difference! Although he devoted an entire semester to the odes in the Sapphic and Alcaic metres, he threw such a flood of light upon the Venusian bard that I seemed to have passed from the "mellow light of the silvery moon" into the blaze of the noonday sun. Yet in both cases we had the same man's works before us. Recently one of my best students in Greek, who has since attained some distinction as a mathematician, said to me: "I am not sure that I know the Greek alphabet entire; but I learned many things in connection with Greek that I have not forgotten."

It is to be feared, if teachers lay too much stress on the mere vocabulary of an

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author, they will be constrained to neglect the culture side of the classics, culture being, after all, the most important part of an education. For I assume that it needs no argument to prove that a man may read Latin and Greek fluently and be a boor none the less.

One more point. Among college students I suppose fully three-fourths prepare their lessons in Greek and Latin with the help of "ponies." Their solicitude extends no farther than the recitation. With such helps, a fair show can be made with a small expenditure of time and effort. If then, we assign lessons of such length that we shall, after all, get a good deal of work out of this sort of student, we shall completely overload the other fourth that is more concerned to know than to appear to know. But if, with every *pensum* of text, we require a good deal of illustrative matter to be prepared in connection therewith, we shall put all our students more nearly on the same level. Dealt with in this way, the most indifferent can hardly fail to retain, beyond their college days, something of what they prepared for class.

I fully agree with the principle that we should read much text and little commentary, provided we put the proper stress on *much*. In this direction, our college manuals, it seems to me, are getting worse and worse. Most of our commentators and annotators forget that, if they begin the tale of "Troy divine" with Leda's egg, they will not get to the siege at all. The question is not, "Who can suggest a remedy?" but "Who can secure its general application?" CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., September 3.

STUDYING LATIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of August 30, Prof. Gonzalez Lodge suggests that the learning of a larger Latin vocabulary would greatly help students of the language. I am sure, however, that many of Professor Lodge's fellow-craftsmen feel that his "remedy" falls far short of meeting the real difficulties of the case. The acquisition of a vocabulary is certainly a matter of prime importance; but do not all of us know that sometimes the hopeless thing about a sentence in a foreign tongue is precisely the fact that all of the words seem perfectly familiar, and yet we cannot budge an idea out of them? And learning Professor Lodge's two thousand words is a far heavier task than it may at first seem to be. If each word had just one stock meaning, learning a vocabulary would be a comparatively easy matter. But many—let us say, such a large majority—have a variety of uses, so that two thousand easily swells into anywhere from six to ten thousand, and the wrong meaning often obscures the sense of the passage completely. Take the frequently recurring words *ingenium, judicium, consilium, quaestio, officium, atrox, ferox, ratio,* and *quodquod* and it is easily seen that they prove great stumbling blocks.

Another point touched upon by Professor Lodge was the fact that so many Latin words suggest a suitable (or, at least, a fair) meaning from the mere fact of their resemblance to the English word. True; but this advantage is very largely counterbalanced by the fact that so often the English word thus suggested fails utterly to give the true meaning; it diverts the course of thought into a wrong channel, and too often keeps it there by the force of the association of sound. *Frequens, ambitio, petitio, intercessio, crimen, injuriam defendere, audax, honestus;* what teacher does not instantly recognize how these words illustrate the difficulty? They are merely samples of a large class.

Then, too, no amount of vocabulary will obviate the great difficulty of the intricate syntax with its endless possible arrangements and combinations. The three familiar words, *classis secunda tempestate,* meet the student in Tacitus (Agric. ch. 38 end). He begins to wonder: Is *classis* feminine, as it ought to be, or one of those numerous masculines (*amnis, axis,* etc.)? He turns to the lexicon; it is feminine. But now, is it a second *fleet* or a second *tempest?* If the book had *secundâ* or *secundâ,* he would know at once. But there he is; bothered, and not knowing how to settle the question; and perhaps it never occurs to him that maybe *secunda* does not mean "second," nor *tempestate* mean "tempest," but that *favorable weather* is a possible meaning he had never thought of.

I come now to the matter of school editions of the Greek and Latin authors. They nearly all err—and err grievously—in not giving help enough. One simple and partial remedy would be to mark quantities where they can be helpful. Why not give the boy (or young man) the advantage of receiving as much help for his eye as a good speaker would have given his auditors by careful enunciation? Afraid of making it too easy? "Difficult languages they are, and difficult languages they must remain," wrote Prof. W. G. Hale, and comparatively few editions recognize the difficulties sufficiently, as is proved by the many questions some of the best and most faithful students find it necessary to ask, and *also* by the large sale of translations.

ADDISON HOGUE.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

CHAUCER'S REVISION OF HIS WORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It will be of interest to Chaucer students to learn that, in addition to the differences noted by the late Henry Bradshaw as characteristic of the "Canterbury Tales" framework or "links," there is another such difference, of even more suggestiveness in some respects. When comparing the two editions by Caxton of the "Canterbury Tales," the results of which comparison were printed in "Modern Philology" (volume iii.), I remarked on a shorter and clumsier form of the interruption to "The Monk's Tale," which appeared in the earlier Caxton. I now find this form existing in several manuscripts and one other print, the de Worde of 1498; the manuscripts are Selden B. 14 of the Bodleian, the two at Trinity College, Cambridge, Sloane 1686 of the British Museum, and Harley 7333 of the same library, the last being the copy of the "Tales" transcribed from Shirley. Furthermore, Additionals 5140 of the Museum began a copy of the shorter form and then, crossing it out, proceeded with the longer form which we now know.

This variant in the "Monk's end-link" seems to me especially interesting, from the glimpse which it gives us of Chaucer revising and improving his own work. A fuller note, with the text, will be published in the near future.

ELEANOR PRESCOTT HAMMOND.

Oxford, England, August 26.

VOLTAIRE'S FAITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of August 16 I have just noticed a letter headed "Voltaire's Faith." Mr. Howes, who speaks in most friendly terms of my article, asks where I got certain information with regard to Voltaire's religious belief. My reply is simple. My information is obtained wholly from Mr. Tallentyre's "Life of Voltaire," p. 501, which contains the following words:

> A few days earlier, on February 28, at the earnest request of Wagnière and at a moment when he solemnly believed that his last hour had come, Voltaire had written down, clearly and firmly, his real faith:
>
> "I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition. February 28, 1778. Voltaire."
>
> So far as a few weak words can express any man's attitude towards the Supreme Being and his own fellow-sinners, this confession expresses Voltaire's.
>
> It is still preserved in the National Library at Paris.

I have relied on Mr. Tallentyre's statement which must, I conceive, be true, unless, what is in the highest degree improbable, he has committed some extraordinary blunder. There is nothing in the declaration attributed to Voltaire which is inconsistent with his known attitude toward religion, nor, as it seems to me, is there anything in the facts stated, I believe with accuracy, by Mr. Howes, which need make one doubt that Voltaire really signed the declaration of belief attributed to him by Mr. Tallentyre. YOUR REVIEWER.

Oxford, England, August 28.

THE CAREER OF THOMAS WILLIAMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add a word to your review of my "Life and Speeches of Thomas Williams" in your issue of August 2?

Chief Justice Mitchell of our State Supreme Court said to me soon after the appearance of the volumes: "His was a name to conjure with in the days before and during the civil war. I heard him once; he was a magnetic speaker, like Blaine." Like that statesman, too, he roused an intense following and intense opposition; but his main contentions generally succeeded in the end. His was the greatest voice in breaking down Jackson Democracy in Pennsylvania; he was the chosen spokesman and manager in the construction of a coherent party on the remains of what he was so effective in destroying. To be very instrumental in "downing" the dominant party in the Keystone State and building another is an achievement of no small proportions, and I can hardly agree that it is either local or unimportant. Movements in politics have their beginnings in opposition, and, as a whole, are no more "coherent" than caterpillar, chrysalis, and butterfly; co-

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herent or incoherent, Williams's speeches voiced each successive stage as did no other in Pennsylvania. For this reason "Speeches" is an equally important part of my title with "Life"—and, if "Speeches," then *two* volumes, of necessity—a necessity that the author regretted quite as much as his kindly reviewer.

Speeches are notoriously disappointing reading; but if they produce the results out of which history is made, disappointing or not, they are worthy of study in any first-hand investigation of a period. A Life of W. J. Bryan without his chief speeches—what would it be? I cannot conceive such a book. The speeches might be judged of no value, and disappointing, but no first-hand student of American history of the past decade could leave them out of his study. I am not speaking as a Pennsylvanian, either by birth or education—for I am neither—when I say that Pennsylvania is a *Keystone* State, in history, in more fields than one, and it is this element which has attracted my interest, as an historical student, and is the basis of my conviction that many movements in her history are vital and not local to American history, as similar movements would be in many other States.

BURTON ALVA KONKLE.

Swarthmore, August 28.

Notes.

Maine's "Ancient Law" has been thoroughly edited by Sir Frederick Pollock, and will be published immediately by Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. Bradley Gilman has turned his experiences in the Holy Land into a book entitled "The Open Secret of Nazareth," soon to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale has selected nine of the more personal and less critical of Stevenson's "Essays" and published them with a brief Introduction (Scribners).

The Dramatic Section of Heath's Belles-Lettres Series is to contain Gascoigne's "Supposes and Jocasta," edited by Prof. J. W. Cunliffe, and Swinburne's "Mary Stuart," edited by W. M. Payne.

The *Century* in 1907 will return to its old predilection for Civil War subjects. The principal continued story will be Frances Hodgson Burnett's international novel of English and American life, "The Shuttle."

Four more volumes of Scribner's Pocket Edition of the Works of George Meredith have come out, leaving only another four to complete the set. It is a useful edition, clearly enough printed, but without distinction in appearance.

The Century Co. has these books on its autumn list: "Seeing France with Uncle John," by Anne Warner; "The Châteaux of Touraine," by Maria Hornor Lansdale; "Don-a-Dreams," by H. J. O'Higgins; "In the Days of the Comet," by H. G. Wells; "Addresses of John Hay"; "Lincoln the Lawyer," by F. T. Hill; "Georgie," by Dorothea Deakin; "A Modern Madonna," by Caroline Abbot Stanley; "Ring in the New," by Richard Whiteing; "The Upstart," by Henry M. Hyde; "A Book of Music," by R. W. Gilder; "The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard," by John Bennett.

The Arthur H. Clark Company announce for this autumn: "Documentary History of Reconstruction, Political, Military, Social, Educational, and Industrial," in two large volumes, edited by Prof. Walter L. Fleming; Morga's "History of the Philippine Islands," two volumes; Farnham's "Travels in Great Western Prairies"; De Smet's "Oregon Missions," and Palmer's "Travels Over the Rockies," edited by Dr. R. G. Thwaites; vols. 42, 43, 44, and 45 in the Philippine Islands Series, edited by Blair and Robertson. The series "Early Western Travels: 1748-1846" will be completed by the Analytical Index, occupying all of Vol. 31.

We have just had a pretty large dose of the great Mrs. Montagu in Mrs. Climenson's two volumes (with the threat of many more to follow). Nevertheless, John Murray will soon bring out a sketch of "Mrs. Montagu and Her Friends," by René Huchon. This, however, is not so much a biography of the Queen of the Blue-stockings as a study of her work, which for the most part has been neglected by other writers. Another book, to be published by Blackwoods, will give the lives of several of Mrs. Montagu's distinguished female contemporaries and of later women. A. J. Green-Armytage, who writes the book, calls it "Maids of Honor."

Several art books will be issued this autumn by Messrs. Cassell, including "Landscape Painting in Oil Color," by Alfred East, A.R.A., illustrated by reproductions in color of pictures and sketches by the author; "The Old Engravers of England in Relation to Contemporary Life and Art," by Malcolm C. Salaman, with illustrations from the works of the leading engravers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; "Porcelain: a Sketch of Its Nature, Art, and Manufacture," by William Burton; a new color book by Walter Crane, entitled "Flowers from Shakespeare's Garden"; and a fine art edition of "Don Quixote," with Doré's illustrations—a companion work to "The Doré Dante" and "The Doré Milton." Among other works in the list are "Wander Pictures," in which Mr. Bart Kennedy relates his experiences as a tramp in England; "Westminster Abbey: Its Story and Associations," by Mrs. A. Murray Smith, daughter of the late Dean Bradley; a new work by Mr. Richard Kearton, entitled "Nature's Carol Singers," with illustrations from photographs by the author and his brother; and "The Cathedrals of England and Wales: Their History, Architecture, and Associations," in two elaborately illustrated volumes.

The autumn announcement list of Dodd, Mead & Co. includes the following: "John Cable," by G. B. McCutcheon; "The Far Horizon," by Lucas Malet; "Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondley; "The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; "The Face of Clay," by H. A. Vachell; "The Chase of the Golden Plate," by Jacques Futrelle; "The Seventh Person," by Benjamin Brace; "The White Plume," by S. R. Crockett; "The One Way Out," by Bettina von Hutten; "Billy Boy," by J. L. Long; "The Swarm," by M. Maeterlinck; "Historic Buildings of America," by Esther Singleton; "Rome Described by Great Writers," by Esther Singleton; "The Heart of Music," by Anna Alice Chapin; "Versailles and the Trianons," by M. Nohlac; "Cathedral Cities of England," by George Gilbert; "Twenty Years of the Republic," by H. T. Peck; "A Life of Charles Dickens," by G. K. Chesterton; "Emma, Lady Hamilton," by Walter Sichel; "Through Five Republics of South America," by Percy F. Martin; "Liberia," by Sir Harry Johnston; "The Life of Marie Antoinette," by M. de la Rocheterie; "The Great Company," by Beckles Willson; "A History of Scotland," Vol. IV., by Andrew Lang; "The Empire of the Hapsburgs," by A. R. Colquhoun; "Sir Joshua and His Circle," by Fitzgerald Molloy; "George Eliot," by A. T. Quiller-Couch; "Brain and Personality," by Dr. W. H. Thomson; "The Wit of the Wild," by Ernest Ingersoll; "The Expositor's Greek Testament," Vol. IV., by W. Robertson Nicoll; "American Book Prices Current, 1906," by L. S. Livingston; "The Key of the Blue Closet," by W. Robertson Nicoll.

Scribners announce the following books: "Stories of Early New York History," by Sherman Williams; "Stories of American Explorers," by Wilbur F. Gordy; "History of Ancient Civilization," by Charles Seignobos, translated and edited by Arthur Herbert Wilde; "Studies in the Book of Job," by Francis N. Peloubet, D.D.; "Two-Legs," by Carl Ewald, authorized translation from the Danish by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos; "The Stones of Paris in History and Letters," by Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin; "The Robberies Co., Ltd.," by Nelson Lloyd; "Liberty, Union, and Democracy: The National Ideals of America," by Barrett Wendell; "A Frontier Town and Other Essays," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "The Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales," by Louise Seymour Houghton; "Industrial America," by J. Laurence Laughlin; "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies," by William T. Hornaday; "The Northmen, Columbus, and Cabot, 985-1503," edited by Julius E. Olson; "The Apostles' Creed in Modern Worship," by William R. Richards, D.D.; "A Whimsey Anthology," by Carolyn Wells; "Radioactive Transformations," by Ernest Rutherford; "The Integrative Action of the Nervous System," by Charles S. Sherrington; "Court Beauties of Old Whitehall: Historiettes of the Restoration," by W. R. H. Trowbridge; "The Scottish School of Painting," by William D. McKay; "Bible Side-Lights from the Mound of Gezer," by R. A. Stewart Macallister; "The Knowledge of God, and Its Historical Development," by H. M. Gwatkin, D.D.; "Felicity in France," by Constance Elizabeth Maud; "Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci," with Critical Introduction by C. Lewis Hind; "My Garden," by Eden Phillpotts; "Mungo Park's Travels in the Interior District of Africa"; "Chevalier Bayard," translated by Sara Coleridge; "Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism," by the Rev. W. L. Walker; "The Legend of Ser Perceval," by Jessie L. Weston; "Ornamental Design," by T. E. Harrison and W. G. P. Townsend; "First Age of Christianity," by John J. I. Döllinger.

The *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin has unearthed from the records of the University of Koenigsberg a full report of the "salary and emoluments" paid to the professor of metaphysics and logic, Immanuel Kant,

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at the time of his death, February 12. 1804. Kant drew salary in a three-fold capacity, as a professor ordinarius, as a senator, and as the senior of the philosophical faculty; and he was also entitled to "extraordinary" additional emoluments. The total income from these four sources was 749 thaler, 23 groschen, and 10 pfennige. In addition, as professor of metaphysics and logic, he was entitled to 44 bushels of rye and 8 cords of wood.

The rector of the past academic year in Berlin, Prof. Hermann Diels, at the close of his official career as head of the university, delivered an interesting discourse on the subject of the International Mission (Aufgabe) of the University. His text was furnished by the exchange of professors inaugurated between America and Germany during the speaker's official year. Professor Peabody of Harvard, who went to Berlin, had declared that a foreign lecturer could do justice to himself and his subject only if permitted to speak in his own language. With this, Professor Diels fully agrees, especially should the lectures be on literary and kindred subjects. The revival of Latin as an international language of learning is, for practical reasons, too, out of the question. Nor does Diels think that the Esperanto, or indeed any mechanically contrived language, will ever answer this purpose. He holds that there is but one feasible solution of the problem, namely, the recognition on perfect equality of the three leading modern tongues, German, English, and French. Such a linguistic "Dreibund" the speaker pleads for as an acceptable *sine qua non* for the perfection of the scheme of exchanging professors, and for solving the international mission of the modern university.

Société Française de Bibliographie is the name of a society organized in Paris with Maurice Tourneux as president and Henri Stein, the editor of *Bibliographie moderne*, as secretary. Gen. Darboux and Léopold Delisle are honorary presidents. The originators of the society have laid out a comprehensive plan, including such undertakings as a bibliography of historical literature, of the history of art, of cartography, an index to periodical literature, etc. But their first efforts will be devoted to three tasks which, rightly, they have deemed to be of prime importance: to improve the bibliographical records of current French literature; to revive D. Jordell's *Répertoire des Revues*, and to establish, with the coöperation of public bodies, a bibliography of official literature.

The problem of the bibliography of official literature received particular attention at the recent meeting of the Verein Deutscher Bibliothekare in Berlin, where it was presented by two papers, one by G. Maas, the other by Dr. Wolfstieg, who will be remembered in this country from his visit to the Conference of Librarians in St. Louis in 1904. The lack of organization in issuing and recording the publications of public bodies throughout the world was very forcibly brought out and a plan presented for the remedy of the present unsatisfactory conditions, as far as Germany is concerned, through the organization of recording offices in the various States in the empire and a central imperial office. The other proceedings of the conference, as published in the July-August number of the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*, included a description of the organization of the seminar libraries at German universities and their relations to the university libraries, and a new paper on the "Gesammtkatalog" by Dr. Boysen of Königsberg, followed by a lengthy discussion. Dr. Boysen urged the extension of the Prussian alphabetical catalogue to cover all the larger German libraries, and its printing in book form, with supplements in annual volumes and on cards. His views were combated by some of the speakers. In the meantime the work on the catalogue continues; on the 16th of June the 1,000th package of title slips was sent out from Berlin, and the comparison of titles had reached the heading Choler.

The Library of the University of London, to be officially opened by Lord Rosebery on October 29, and containing nearly 60,000 volumes, is a remarkable collection, accessible to all students. The nucleus comprises the libraries of George Grote, the historian, consisting mainly of Latin and Greek classics as well as historical works, and of Prof. Augustus De Morgan, a valuable collection of mathematical works. To these have been added by the Goldsmith's Company Prof. S. Foxwell's library on social and political economy. Both Grote and De Morgan were collectors of special books, so that each of these collections contains a vast number of excessively rare and interesting volumes which, published in nearly every case in small numbers, are to-day the despair of the book hunter. They were both also in the habit of writing in their rarities bibliographical and historical notes concerning either the particular book or the author, and these inscriptions will be of high value to the compilers of the forthcoming catalogue.

Even the exacting Dr. Johnson was not disposed to demand perfect veracity in lapidary inscriptions; still, the scientific virus has so permeated us that we prefer at least to shed our tears over the right grave. In 1863 Arsène Houssaye discovered what he believed to be the grave of Leonardo da Vinci at Amboise, and had the remains removed to the modern church where there is a monument to him. According to tradition, Leonardo, who died in 1519, "in the arms of Francis I." (a doubtful legend), was buried in the Church of St. Florentin. This church was demolished a century ago, its site being levelled to form a little square. Houssaye had a theory that the coffins, which were in the crypt of the church, might not have been removed; and so he dug for them, and in due time came to a lead coffin containing the skeleton of a man five feet six inches tall (Leonardo's height) and a skull greatly resembling the shape of Leonardo's head, in the portrait by himself painted in his old age. Houssaye found also bits of a gravestone on which he could decipher the letters I. N. C. and E. O., which he naturally assumed formed part of VINCI and of LEOnardo. Still Houssaye did not succeed in persuading everybody that he had indeed recovered the bones of the great artist, and now we learn that a new excavation is to be made at Amboise in the hope of settling the question.

In England a committee has been organized for the purpose of erecting a monument to Livingstone in the heart of Africa, at Chitambo, east of the Bangweolo See, on the exact spot where the great discoverer breathed his last and where, as is reported, at the foot of a high tree his heart lies buried.

The inventor of Volapük, the Prelate Martin Schleyer, recently celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth in Constance, where he is living in retirement. He is still at work on his world language and is confident that notwithstanding the growing popularity of Esperanto, Volapük is to be the international language of the world. In addition to grammars and chrestomathies of his "world language," Pater Schleyer has published several religious anthologies and is editor of a monthly for Catholic Church music called *Sionsharfe*. He is credited with an acquaintance with eighty languages.

The international Congress for the History of Fine Arts (Kunsthistorischer Kongress), which had been invited to meet in Stockholm this autumn, cannot now be held, as the Swedish capital city has for several reasons been compelled to withdraw the invitation. As no other place had extended an invitation, the newly appointed committee of arrangement, of which Prof. Dr. Joseph Stozygowski of Graz is the chairman, announces that the next convention will not be held until 1907. The place has not yet been determined.

Under the title "Monumenti d'Arte Medioevale e Moderna," Danesi (Rome) has begun the publication of a series of reproductions of the works of mediæval and modern art, with the intention of providing at low cost carefully selected and well executed illustrations of the history of art for the use of schools and amateurs. The range of both subjects and sources is fairly indicated by the first part issued. It includes two pages from a Syrian manuscript of the Gospels in the National Library at Paris; the Madonna of the Cripte Vaticane by Mellozzo da Forlì; an eastern sarcophagus, attributed to the period between the third and sixth centuries, from the Colonna Palace, at Rome, and the twelfth century columns of the cloister of the too little known church of the Santi Quattro Incoronati, at Rome. Each issue includes brief descriptions of the plates and a list of references to sources of more detailed information.

S. W. Fletcher's "How to Make a Fruit-Garden" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York) gives practical hints in a somewhat overworked field, but the suggestions are sound and the strict directions are safe. The book, although rather awkward for field use, should serve a good purpose in the hands of amateurs. When we remember that many of the striking advances in photography and in horticulture have been due to enthusiastic amateurs who have spared neither time nor money in the realization of their dreams, we can heartily welcome every work like the present, which may further stimulate them to activity.

To those who are fond of Italian, Bilancioni's "Dizionario di Botanica generale" (Hoepli, Milan), will come as a delightful surprise. It is a successful attempt to place wthin a very narrow compass the essential facts established in the histology and morphology of plants, and also the very newest views regarding their physiol-

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ogy. Here one finds the startling innovations produced by the influence of the theory of the "ions," all of the changes being presented in a conservative manner. It seems a little strange to find in these extremely modern pages occasional references to such vanishing hypotheses as that of "od." It may possibly be thought by Dr. Bilancioni, that in these days of speculation in physiology, it is well to show his readers some of the driftwood as it floats past. One can honestly say that this charming volume, well-printed and daintily bound in vellum, adds another proof of the old saying that dictionaries are the most fascinating books.

To those who take pleasure in reading of the slaughter of large numbers of wild beasts Lord Hindlip's book on "Sport and Travel: Abyssinia and British East Africa" (A. Wessels Co.) may be safely recommended. It is true that there is nothing extraordinary in the tale of his adventures and the list of his exploits is rather monotonous, but he writes simply and good humoredly with no pretence of being anything more than the sportsman that he is. His general observations on the countries he visits are honest if not profound. We note that he has a hearty dislike for the Abyssinians, a people about whom different observers seem to form very different opinions. As a British traveller and later settler in East Africa he is full of complaints of the Foreign Office, which at the time of his visit had jurisdiction over the region. Judging from other evidence these complaints were not without good foundation, but we may hope that now that the colony has passed under the control of the Colonial Office, where it belongs, matters are going better. The seventy-two illustrations from photographs are well-selected and well taken.

Except for its place in a series it is hard to see why anyone should have issued the large tome on "Wessex" (Macmillans), painted by Walter Tyndale and described by Clive Holland. For a guide-book it is too heavy in bulk and too full of irrelevant matter; for a serious history it is too ill-arranged and indefinite. As an advertisement of Wessex it scarcely carries conviction either by its pretty but "fancy" illustrations or by its turgidly enthusiastic descriptions. On the contrary, the general impression left will be, first how little of architectural interest there is in Wessex proper, seeing that Bath and Winchester are on its extreme limits, while Glastonbury and Wells are admittedly in "Outer Wessex"; secondly, how little part Dorsetshire has played in English history. The last chapter contains eulogies on Thomas Hardy. The wanderings of the unhappy Tess are carefully detailed for us, and the topography of the other novels is handled with reverent minuteness worthy of M. Sabatier at Assisi. But unless we belong heart and soul to what the writer proudly calls the "ever-widening . . . circle of his (Hardy's) admirers," we shall find more agreeable reading in the earlier chapters, where the accounts of Spanish and French invasions, the Civil War, Monmouth's rebellion, and smuggling on the South coast, are given with some spirit. The book is, however, marred by unpardonably slipshod writing, such as relatives so far separated from their antecedents as to produce unintelligible phrases. When our ears and eyes are vexed by dreadful words like "disarticulated" and "begaitered," or when our souls are oppressed by rhapsodical gush such as the chapter on "The Four Seasons in Wessex," we regret that a book so large, so long, and so sumptuously got up should prove on closer acquaintance so great a disappointment.

Letters of Mazzini to Aurelio Saffi and members of the Craufurd family have been collected in a volume and published at Rome and Milan by the Società Editrice Alighieri. Driven from Lausanne by the ill-will of the Swiss Government, Mazzini wrote the first of these letters from Geneva early in 1850, to his "friend and colleague," Aurelio Saffi, a Roman noble, who with Mazzini and Armellini had constituted the Triumvirate of the Roman Republic in 1849, and who was at this time one of the three who made up the Società Editrice of the *Italia del Popolo*. This paper was the organ of the Italian propaganda which Mazzini had first issued during the last days of the defence of Milan, in 1848, and had recently resumed in Lausanne. The correspondence covers a period of over twenty years and closes eighteen days before Mazzini's death. More than half of these 369 letters are addressed to Saffi, and the rest to members of the English family into which Saffi married, Georgina and Kate Craufurd, and their mother, Sophia Craufurd. Some few of the most important of these letters have been already published, wholly or in part, either in Saffi's or Mazzini's collected works and they were doubtless those "family papers" of which Saffi says that he made use in the volumes of Mazzini's writings which he edited. The publication of this volume, therefore, adds nothing of historical importance to what was already known by students of the movement for Italian independence, but its value lies rather in the intimate view of this Italian idealist in his daily, untiring effort to further the awakening and liberation of his people. He refers constantly to his manifestos, addresses, open letters and circulars; to articles and reviews; to the organization and work of the Italian National Committee, the Central European Democratic Committee, the Friends of Italy and the Party of Action. The letter to Saffi on the death of his mother (p. 99), on the pro-dictatorship of Sicily (p. 228), to the wife of Libertini declining to stand as god-father for her son (p. 309), and the passage referring to Garibaldi (p. 380) are, perhaps, especially noteworthy for elevation of thought. The book is well supplied with explanatory notes. It has an imperfect index, and the long list of *errata* does not correct all of the numerous misprints.

While there is no dearth of material on the general subject, John Cotton Dana's "Notes on Bookbinding for Libraries" (Library Bureau, Chicago) covers a field and renders a service all its own. The problem with which it deals is purely a library problem, and, more particularly, a public library problem. It makes no pretence of contributing anything to the art or craft of book making; its aim is to give to librarians such an elementary knowledge of this craft that they may intelligently decide upon the methods and materials that are best adapted to their needs. The point of view is purely the economic one—how shall the library bind its books so as to secure the largest possible service at the least cost. The answer to this, as shown by Mr. Dana, is by no means a simple one, depending on such considerations as the class of literature to which the book belongs, the degree and permanence of its popularity, the rapidity with which it may be read, the quality or thickness of its paper, the character of the community, and many other similar questions. For this reason, general rules are pronounced dangerous, and each librarian is urged to study the problem for himself, and in each class of books adapt the binding to the particular use they are to receive. American librarians are severely scored by Mr. Dana for the general indifference to this matter which they have heretofore shown. "One may frankly say that the character of binding done in nearly all libraries in America has been, up to the present time, a discredit to the library profession. We owe it to ourselves to take up this craft, and do what we can to elevate it." That this small volume will be an important factor in bringing about this improvement is evident from the attention and favor it is receiving in the library profession. Library commissions are recommending it, and it is likely to become the standard text book on library binding in summer schools, apprentice classes, and in the more elementary of the regular library schools.

Under the title of "The Cambridge Press" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Robert F. Roden has written a history of the first printing press established in English America, and he has added to this a bibliographical list of the issues of this press, which existed from 1638 to 1692. The present volume represents the second in the valuable little series of "Famous Presses," which was inaugurated by Lewis Buddy, 3d, of the Kirgate Press, with "Horace Walpole and the Strawberry Hill Press, 1757-1789." In the summer of 1638, a ship bearing a printing press, a printer, and three pressmen arrived on the shores of New England; the printer being Stephen Daye. In the same year the press was set up at Cambridge. One of the earliest and perhaps the most celebrated of the issues was "The Bay Psalm Book." Stephen Daye's work and that of his various successors is fully treated by Mr. Roden, who also devotes an entire chapter to the Indian books, the issue of which covered the years 1654-1691. It is interesting to know that the actual press which Stephen and Matthew Daye used is still preserved. After various wanderings in Boston, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont, it was found in Windsor County, and presented to the Vermont Historical Society. We wish we could say that Mr. Roden has made an entertaining volume from the material in his hands; but perhaps he would resent the imputation of being entertaining. He certainly has made a valuable and useful book, and if it is in parts rather barren reading, it is because the history of the first press established in English America is not a very fruitful theme. It is to the historian of early presses in America and to the bibliographer and the collector of early American imprints that this book

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must of necessity appeal. To the student of the history of typography it does not offer great interest. The period at which these presses did their work was a time when, even in Europe, typography was upon the wane. We cannot help feeling that an opportunity was missed typographically in the make-up of the present volume. The fonts which were used in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England suggest themselves so obviously as appropriate, that it is not easy to see why the printers should have chosen a type evidently influenced by the modern revival, —from which one can scarcely imagine anything more remote than the first Cambridge Press.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY.

The Cambridge Modern History, planned by the late Lord Acton, Regius Professor of Modern History. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D.; G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., and Stanley Leuthes, M.A. Volume IX. Napoleon. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

After a considerable delay the publication of this great historical undertaking has resumed its onward march, and the present volume brings it down to the days of our fathers. The period covered extends from the treaty of Kutchuk Kainardji in 1774 to the death of Napoleon Bonaparte in 1821, but nineteen-twentieths of the narrative lie between the overthrow of the Directory in France in 1799 and the end of the Second Congress of Vienna in 1815. These sixteen years occupy 771 pages. But they are years full of immense events which have proved momentous for succeeding generations, years not only of war, but of extraordinary and far-reaching political changes in almost every part of Europe. They are dealt with in twenty-four chapters, from the pens of sixteen writers, five of whom belong to the European Continent, viz.: Professors Pariset, Guilland, and Stschepkin, Dr. Pflug-Hartung, and Major-Gen. Keim. Among the English contributors, Messrs. Fisher, Oman, and Wilson, and Drs. Ward and Holland Rose have appeared in former volumes; Mr. Wickham-Legge, Mr. Gooch, and Col. Lloyd are new acquaintances. The general level of quality is well-sustained. It is perhaps not so high as in the first two volumes—"Renaissance" and "Reformation"—but it strikes us as rather higher than in the last preceding volume, that on the French Revolution. It resembles all the preceding volumes, as a whole, in its business-like tone. The strict abstinence from anything like rhetoric makes it almost arid, a bare record of facts, from which not only graces of style, but even general reflections and characterizations of persons are scrupulously excluded. Seldom has any book written in our tongue conformed itself so strictly to the modern doctrine that historical writing is to be above all things "scientific," scientific not merely in the sense of Thucydides or Mommsen, but in the sense of the Johns Hopkins or Columbia University Studies, scientific not merely in respect of accuracy and precision, but in the barring out of whatever is calculated to appeal to imagination or to emotion. The general reader, if that creature of the last generation now reads anything beyond newspapers and novels, may find the Cambridge Modern History dry, but the historical student certainly finds it useful. The narrative is careful; it is clear, and it is as minute as exigencies of space permit; while the bibliography alone, occupying 121 pages, is an aid which everyone who consults it will find of great value. So full is it that one cannot help regretting that it has not been made even more serviceable by a brief indication of the respective merits of the books mentioned. The specialist does not need such indications, but the young scholar often finds them helpful; and though they are not required for all the books named, one wishes for them where it happens that several writers have treated the same topic, and it becomes important to know who is most worthy of confidence.

It is a result of the severe plainness of style that there is comparatively little difference in literary quality between the various writers by whom this volume has been prepared. Some, however, present their facts in more telling and vigorous language than others. Some show more skill than others in selecting out of the mass of facts those that have for us to-day the greatest interest. Among the writers three strike us as specially successful. Dr. Ward, the master of Peterhouse, and one of the editors of the series, gives us two chapters on the Congress of Vienna, the earlier Congress of 1814, and the later, after Napoleon's return from Elba, of 1815. He has a most difficult task in tracing the jealousies, the intrigues, the constantly varying combinations of Powers which went on during many months while the tremendous business of resettling Europe and rearranging the territories of its monarchy was being handled. His wide learning and a scholarship both critical and exact are needed for this task. Dr. Ward has shown these qualities and given us an extremely valuable account of the negotiations which gave to Europe an international system that lasted for more than forty years, till it was broken up in Italy in 1859, and in Germany in 1866. He is rather more tender to the Congress than the Liberals of the last generation were, either in Germany, in France, or in England, and he shows us how even in restoring despotic governments it left foundations beneath them on which free institutions were afterwards erected.

H. A. Fisher has in this volume nothing quite so brilliant as the narrative of Bonaparte's *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, which he contributed to Volume VIII. But two of his chapters are of high excellence. That on the French Codes (Chap. viii.) presents a concise, lucid, and instructive view of the methods by which these famous pieces of legislation were constructed, and of Bonaparte's own share in them. We quote one passage:

> Eye-witnesses have described the vivid and animated drama which was enacted whenever Bonaparte came down to preside over the Council Chamber in the Tuileries. A chink of arms, a roll of the drum under the arcades, and then as the door opens and the usher calls, and the councillors rise in salutation, the master steps briskly up to his green table on the dais, nods to Cambacérès on his right, to Lebrun on his left, signs to his Council to be seated, and with his "Allons, Messieurs, commençons," sets the debate aflame. Under the consulate these discussions were free, vivacious, and unembarrassed; and when the First Consul presided in person—and he presided over thirty-five of the eighty-seven sittings devoted to the Civil Code—they were generally prolonged till a late hour in the evening. His, too, was the most quickening spirit in debate. With little legal learning, save what he had gathered from snatches of reading or from the talk of Tronchet and Portalis, and devoid of the scholarly temper of the professional draughtsman, he possessed so luxuriant an intellectual nature, so lively a power of concrete vision, so keen an instinct for the large issues of politics, that his contributions to the discussion were a series of splendid surprises, occasionally appropriate and decisive, but always stamped with the mark of genius and glowing with the impulses of a fresh and impetuous temperament (p. 151).

In another chapter (xxiv.) the editors, making a concession to a curiosity that is rather human than scientific, have set Mr. Fisher to describe the six melancholy years of exile at St. Helena which closed Napoleon's career. These years have little historical importance, except in so far as (and that to no great extent) they enlarge our knowledge of Napoleon himself. But it is right to find room for them. *Sunt lacrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.* In the last pages Mr. Fisher gives some general remarks on the fallen Emperor's character and career, which are a fitting epilogue to the volume.

M. Pariset, professor of history at Nancy, sketches the internal history of France during the Consulate and Empire in two chapters, remarkable for the art with which the salient features of Napoleon's government are disengaged from a mass of details and set intelligibly before us. He helps us to realize the constant change in institutions, and in the men by whom the institutions were worked, which went on in the fifteen years during which this amazingly active man ruled France by a constant personal supervision, while he was at the same time occupied with incessant diplomatic negotiations, and, during many months, with leading his armies in the field. There is so much to tell that we are sometimes disappointed at not hearing more about the causes of events, or about their consequences. The murder of the Duke d'Enghien, for instance, is dismissed in a few lines; and we hear less than we wish about the real state of opinion in France all through these changeful years, and the extent to which the reaction against revolutionary ideas had gone. This, however, is perhaps unavoidable, considering how much of the volume has been allotted to warlike operations.

There is comparatively little about the internal history of other countries than France, though Russia receives one chapter, England and Ireland another. This latter is from the pen of G. P. Gooch, a young scholar from Cambridge (England) of high promise, and is done with care and judgment. He handles Pitt, round whose figure there still surge the waves of controversy in England, with fairness, and, what is perhaps harder, is betrayed into no expression of feeling when he comes to the Irish part of the story. It is a pity that Mr. Gooch has been kept within the narrow limits of thirty-six pages, for the personalities of Pitt, Fox, and others of that time deserved to be dealt with a little more fully; and the Irish Rebellion of 1798, an event important in its conse-

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quences, also required a fuller treatment, especially to show the importance of the Northern movement supported by the Ulster Presbyterians.

Germany is handled not as a separate department, but in connection with the successive Napoleonic wars, a method perhaps inevitable, but not conducive to a clear view of the internal changes which went on, and which were specially fruitful in the Prussian Kingdom. Nothing is more remarkable than the contrast between the apparent want of national feeling in the first years of the revolutionary wars, and the passionate outburst of patriotism which marked the close of the conflict. When the French annexed the left bank of the Rhine, Görres, one of the most conspicuous German public writers of the time, accepted the severance from Germany of a large German population with the words, "The Rhine was created by nature to serve as the boundary of France" (p. 91). This indifference soon disappeared; and every year that passed after the battle of Jena stirred the spirit of the nation more and more. The arrangements of the old Romano-Germanic Empire were practically knocked to pieces by the treaty of Lunéville, in 1801, and the Empire itself virtually extinguished by the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine, in 1806, close upon which followed the renunciation by the Emperor Francis II. of the Imperial title itself. New combinations were formed, and territories transferred from one province to be bestowed on another. Thus, respect for antiquity and legal right was impaired, while at the same time the anger of the people was roused by the insolence with which the French conquerors abused their predominance. Napoleon created anew the sentiment of German nationality, and may almost be called the creator of the new German Empire.

This volume, which is entitled "Napoleon," might equally well be entitled "The French Revolution at Work Outside France." It records two immense and far-reaching changes in world history. One is in a sort of sense "change chiefly material." It is the destruction of a whole congeries of institutions which had come down from the end of the Middle Ages, along with the disappearance of old boundary lines and the substitution of new ones. This was primarily the work of Napoleon's conquering activity, which spared no country south of the Baltic. The other change lay in the intellectual and moral attitude of men towards their institutions. The enunciation of those general principles which were deemed to be summed up in the words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the decline of respect for tradition and for authority, the assertion of the right of the individual to pursue happiness, or at any rate, his own purposes in his own way—all these notions which had found their first and most vehement expression in France followed round Europe the battalions of the man who was doing his best to stamp them down in the country whence those battalions came. They have taken a long time to permeate men's minds in the lands traversed by the French armies, and in some of those lands the progress was at first so slow that one can hardly connect it with any French influence. Only within the last two years has the revolutionary spirit shown its power in Russia. But that breaking up of the hard soil which was needed before the seed of the revolution could germinate was accomplished in Napoleon's days.

He was in no sense the author of this great movement of change; nor indeed can any man or group of men be called the authors of what was a result of a long series of disintegrating events and (in a sense) of the general progress of the human mind. But his personality is so much the most striking, his action was so much the most pervasive, that he seems to fill the canvas in any picture of those times. We find in this volume no attempt to present a full and exact view of his character and gifts, nor to give any general estimate of what revolutionary France did for mankind. But the record of his activities in so many different fields conveys the most forcible impression of his extraordinary powers. His pure capacity for thinking hard and thinking swiftly has been seldom equalled and never surpassed. He who would find a parallel for it is inclined to go back as far as Julius Cæsar, the man who most deserves to be called, like Napoleon, at once a destroyer and a creator. When we read of the work Napoleon did in so many different fields at once, and remember that he rose to the summit of his power while still a youth, with no advantages of family or wealth, we see in him something that seems unlike the ordinary sons of men, something that may be called not human at all but dæmonic. To account for such a rise one is obliged to remember what the conditions of the time were. Within France the old institutions and habits had been so completely broken to pieces that there was no obstacle left to bar the progress of an adventurer. The path lay open to intellect and audacity. When intellect and audacity bring a man to the top in his youth, their force is intensified in a two-fold way. The impression made on the world is greater, and that impression disposes people to rally round the rising hero, to acclaim him, to abase themselves before him. The rising hero is himself confirmed in his own self-confidence, and ventures on bolder steps, whose very boldness, by terrifying his opponents, goes far to insure his success. Such a swift career of victory as Napoleon's so struck the imagination of men as of itself to sweep obstacles out of his way. There is thus a solid truth in the proverb that Fortune favors the young as well as the bold.

It may seem more extraordinary still that the master of France became so soon the master of Continental Europe. But it must be remembered what Europe then was. The old monarchies had gone on in their old ways, with old-fashioned administrations, old-fashioned armies, officers and generals mostly incompetent, because appointed from an aristocratic class within which merit counted for little toward promotion. The First Consul found to his hand armies already accustomed to victory. He found capable officers who had themselves risen by their capacity. Add to these facts the still more decisive fact that there was as little political genius among the statesmen of Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Spain as there was military genius among the soldiers (Suvorov is, perhaps, the chief exception, and Suvorov never faced Napoleon on a battlefield), and the dazzling triumphs of Napoleon become more intelligible. The presence in Prussia of a Bismarck or a Moltke might have made a great difference. Nevertheless, when all has been said, Napoleon's personality remains a unique one not only in his own generation, but in the modern world. Had he not become intoxicated by the faith in his own star which led him to attempt the conquest of Spain and Portugal before his hold on Central Europe had been further strengthened, and had his physical condition remained after 1810 what it was in before he had reached forty, he might have continued master of Europe till the malady which had carried off his father carried him off also.

ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS.

Aristotle's Theory of Conduct. By Thomas Marshall. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: The Macmillan Co.

During the past hundred years more books have been written about Aristotle's "Ethics," and mainly the Nicomachean treatise, than any other work of Aristotle; but they have not, on the whole, been distinguished for intellectual power. Minds of more than ordinary force have endeavored to give truthful representations of the Stagirite's moral views; but their accounts have been pretty uniformly tinged with their authors' own opinions. For anybody who may resort to the original, the most useful aid will be J. A. Stewart's "Notes." The presumption that the reader of Mr. Stewart's work has the original text before his eyes may perhaps palliate its ceaseless and glaring misrepresentations. It is, in fact, not Aristotle's ideas of morality, but those of Mr. Stewart, that are there to be found. Often they involve conceptions that no dweller in Athens in Alexander's time could be supposed to have; sometimes they are the most modern ideas; often they are simply the doctrines of Kant or of a Kantianized Platonism. There are not wanting cases in which Aristotle is represented as saying what in other passages, or even in the very passage interpreted, he categorically denies. Moreover, Mr. Stewart's work, although almost indispensable to the student of the Greek text, is too narrow in scope to answer the purpose either of the student of philosophy or of the general reader. He never, for example, except in the most desultory manner, touches upon the question when and how the existing text came into being. We speak of the general reader, because Aristotle's work, unlike modern treatises, is not chiefly occupied with the theory of morality. Its main purpose is practical; namely, to aid men to behave on all occasions with moderation and good sense. In that respect it is certainly one of the most interesting and improving books that ever was written. Mr. Marshall gives a skilful paraphrase of the whole treatise, intermingled with explanatory remarks showing the relation of what is said to the state of Athenian society at the time, etc., while at the bottoms of his pages he skims the cream of the Greek text, for the benefit of those who though they can enjoy that language in bits, would lose patience on being asked to read long passages.

The plan is admirable, and is well carried out. The practical parts of the work

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could not have been rendered more judiciously; so that the volume makes agreeable and profitable reading.

The work has, however, certain shortcomings. Mr. Marshall is capable of making somewhat sweeping assertions that seem to be supported but by the slenderest of premises. We do not know how he has ascertained that the Athenians of Aristotle's day did not regard the great works of sculpture and architecture as worthy of any deep admiration; but (p. 217) he gives us his word that "to regard them as ennobling agencies for the education of mankind would have seemed nonsense to an educated Athenian. . . . To admire art is not vicious; it is a permissible relaxation; it relieves moodiness and low spirits—so Aristotle and Pericles seem to have thought, but their admiration did not go much further." In like manner, it seems to us that Mr. Marshall is over-confident of the completeness of the historical record, when he avers (p. 174) that the problem of free will was not raised as a serious difficulty until the fifth century of our era. For, not to speak of the fact that the debates on that subject mentioned in Saint Augustine's "Confessions" took place in the fourth century, it is difficult to believe, when the Stoics, from Zeno down, insisted on Destiny, while Epicurus and his followers were emphatically for free will, that the endless disputes between these sects on every other conceivable question should never have touched this one; especially after Parmenides had asserted the universality of Necessity, and Socrates that the man who knew virtue would inevitably pursue it, while Aristotle puts forth the doctrine of free will with no hint of its being a novel idea, but rather the reverse.

The whole volume is more or less tinged with the author's attribution to Aristotle of an opinion to which he himself happens to be personally predisposed. This opinion is that the distinction of right and wrong is an artificial creation of men, or at any rate that their bounds are so. His only formidable reason for attributing the opinion to Aristotle lies in a single sentence which that philosopher set down on the first sheet of papyrus of his manuscript. Namely, having remarked that the whole inquiry is a political one (which was the natural point of view to a Hellene), and that, as such, it cannot be expected to do more than to render the matter clear, since scientific exactitude does not belong equally to all subjects of reasoning any more than to all handiworks, he adds: "The ideas of the honorable and right, as politics treats of them, present so much divergence and anomaly (*διαφορὰν καὶ πλάνην*) that they seem due to instituted law alone, and not to nature" (*ὥστε δοκεῖν νόμῳ μόνον εἶναι, φύσει δὲ μή*.) This sentence arrests attention, and at first sight appears to support Mr. Marshall's view. But on re-reading it we remark that it is not a categorical assertion; that Aristotle does not even use the expression, "it seems *to me*," but merely says that so it seems from the point of view of politics (*περὶ ὧν ἡ πολιτικὴ σκοπεῖται*). Moreover, the utterance stands quite alone. Mr. Marshall is able to bring no other passages to its support, except those in which it is said that conduct is the subject of praise or blame, as if this were not true on any ethical theory, and more so on almost any other than on the one he attributes to Aristotle. Finally, in the fifth book, we come upon a categorical and emphatic denial of the truth of the doctrine in question. What does Mr. Marshall say to that? He simply uses the higher critic's routine method of dismissing difficulties, by supposing that the reporter of the particular lecture represented in that part of the fifth book misunderstood what Aristotle had said. If we suppose, he says, that such utter misunderstanding took place, and that Aristotle never revised the report, there is nothing to prevent our believing that Aristotle said just the opposite of what we read in the text. He is quite right there: on such terms, we can give any interpretation we like to any passage.

For our own part, we entertain no doubt that the manuscript of the Nicomachean "Ethics," though assuredly not intended for publication, was prepared by the hand of Aristotle himself. One of several valid reasons is suggested by the title of the longer exposition, "Nicomachean." Nicomachus was the name of Aristotle's father and of his son. Half a dozen ancient authorities tell us that the work was dedicated to the latter by Aristotle. It is altogether probable that this was the case. But surely Aristotle would not have dedicated a work he had not himself written. During the many years through which the manuscript was in use in the school it is natural to suppose that annotations, such as cross-references, would have been inserted in it; but that any change of its main doctrine should have been permitted is quite incredible. The history of the Aristotelian texts ought to be investigated by a comprehensive, objective, thoroughly scientific and well-considered method; and that done, the present practice among even eminent critics of suggesting inconsiderately that this or that sentence, or even chapter, is spurious, should be discredited.

As for the present question of whether Aristotle regarded the distinction of right and wrong as wholly conventional or not, we have only to read the text just as it stands, and we obtain a result that is consistent and intelligible in every particular. He would have shown himself a poor rhetorician if he had planted himself upon immovable ground in his opening lecture. It was far better to let the mixed audience understand that every theory would receive fair examination at his hands. Mr. Marshall's method, however (if such it can be called), leads him into such a slough of contradictions that he is at length obliged to declare that Aristotle addresses his treatise to the kind of people who do not care to carry their beliefs to their logical consequences.

The weak spot in Aristotle's treatise considered as an aid to the practice of virtue is that he assumes man to have an immediate power of will which, without any previous preparation, can be summoned upon emergency to overcome any temptation. It is the usual error of the partisans of free will. He recognizes, indeed, that a given virtue can be acquired only by habituation; but he seems to think that a person who does not possess the virtue in question is able, on occasion, to behave as if he had acquired it. Great as his discoveries in psychology were, he had never found out that repeated performances of any action in vivid and detailed imagination—say, for example, in imagining that one moves one's right foot round a horizontal circle clockwise, while one moves one's right hand round a parallel circle counter-clockwise—is almost as effectual in creating a habit of so acting, as if the outward acts were really performed. We now know that that same action—the same in quality, if not equal in intensity—that is performed when we really act, is also performed when we vividly imagine we act; only, in the latter case, we add to that exertion an opposite exertion inhibiting it. This principle could not be directly applied to the cultivation of a habit of activity, since along with the habit of making the desired exertion one would equally be growing a habit of inhibiting the exertion. But in a self-warfare against any of the innumerable vices for the cure of which a habit of inhibition is alone required, this method is advantageous.

RECENT FICTION.

The Treasure of Heaven. By Marie Corelli. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

To give the lady her due, Miss Corelli's latest story is by no means lacking in power. Lacking in distinction, it of course is: but it has more dignity of substance and less indignity of style than anything of hers we have hitherto seen. The opening chapters move on stilts. The people are wooden people, speaking in the dialect of melodrama. But when the real narrative gets into its stride, forgetting about Miss Corelli and her theories, matters are different. The central motive is a strong one: an old man, and a very rich one, wearying of the emptiness of his life, setting out, disguised, afoot, and nearly penniless, in quest of the treasure of Heaven—love. How by great pain he achieves at the eleventh hour the quest constitutes a theme of really epical quality. Not that the power of "The Treasure of Heaven" is an epical power; but the book has, unlike most current novels, a certain animus, a suggestion, at least, of something large and sound. It contains also good characters and episodes. David Helmsley, the aged millionaire tramp, is himself an appealing figure. The pathos of his lonely pilgrimage is, if obvious, not more so than it would have been in the hands of the Gadshill romancer whom Miss Corelli's audience, at least, does not pretend to have outgrown. The character of Matthew Peke, herbalist and born wayfarer, asks no favors of anybody; nor do Miss Tranter, Feathery Joltram, and the rest of the rustic crew at the "Trusty Man." More doubtful persons appear, notably one Arbroath, a bigoted, meddling, and immoral parson, whose selection as arch-rascal of the story would seem to indicate that the author regards a parson as a little more dangerous member of society than a reviewer—toward the latter unfortunate she directs a number of incidental thrusts, intercalated here and there, somewhat gratuitously, it should seem, and yet with fell purpose. All the poor people met by Helmsley in his wanderings treat him with uncalculating kindness; it remains for him to be brought back from death and nursed to happiness by the good angel from whom (but not in the way of matrimony) he is to win the longed-for love, and

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who, when he presently dies, is rewarded, illogically but fitly, for the purposes of romance, with the inheritance of his curse of wealth. It would be easy to make game of this book, but we suppose Miss Corelli will admit that even a reviewer may have his better moments, and will allow us to express the opinion that there are many worse kinds of popular fiction than that of which she here shows herself to be capable.

Witch's Gold. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

According to Mr. Garland's "Foreword" this is more properly a restoration than a reprint. Originally written in much the same form and with the same title, it was cut down to meet "the needs of a serial publication," and printed under the title "The Spirit of Sweetwater." It is now restored, and published in that ornate and expansive form reserved for holiday reprints. We are not sure that it has deserved such honor. The story does not represent Mr. Garland at his best; it is simply an amiable frontier romance, altogether barren of the grim power of "Main-Travelled Roads," though it was apparently written at about the same time. In that remarkable collection of tales Mr. Garland showed himself a prophet of the plains. He succeeded in interpreting the farm life of the Middle West in broad human terms; the strain and the sordidness, to be sure, rather than the beauty of it; but this with a perfectly healthy-minded intensity of concentration upon the facts with a view to getting the truth out of them. We know nothing more spontaneous and of the soil in American literature. "Witch's Gold" does not give us this impression. The intimations of the "Foreword" explain the fact. Some years ago Mr. Garland travelled in Colorado for the avowed purpose of collecting literary material—we will not say making copy. He had in mind a moral situation as basis for a story, and accidentally picked up from the conversation of two miners an anecdote which promised to be useful in enforcing that situation. This is one way of working toward fiction, and it has its merits; but it cannot possibly have been the way in which "A Branch Road" or "Among the Corn-Rows" was written. There he did for the life of the small farmer what Bret Harte did half a century earlier for the miner. Harte's vein ceased pretty soon to yield pay ore of the first quality; and it cannot be said that the last decade has produced from Mr. Garland all that was hoped for. Is it in the nature of things that the interpreter of life through local American conditions should so quickly find himself out of voice?

A Midsummer Day's Dream. By H. B. Marriott Watson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A delightful bit of romantic foolery. To be sure, the sprightliness of the hero lapses now and then into sheer silliness; but it is hard to represent in print that mere bubbling over of animal spirits which is so tolerable in real life. The sketch is a record of certain amorous adventures contingent upon an out-of-doors amateur rendering of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The principal motive is a mystery connected with the finding and trailing of a woman's shoe. In the course of his search the hero is constrained to make love pleasantly if somewhat indiscriminately; and there is plenty of chance in "Titania's Glade" for comfortable philandering. Titania is married and therefore immune from his attentions, which wander among Hermia, Helena, and several of the fairies. Everybody falls in love with him, but this seems rather desirable. In fact, the whimsical tone of the book is so well maintained that all its absurdities of situation and incident take on an amiable glamour. Nothing that is so is so, and all things are justifiable. Wherefore it may be said that the author has not profanely connected his extravaganza with the greatest of romantic fantasies.

The Shock of Battle. By Patrick Vaux. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Vaux, the title-page informs us, is the author of "Thews of England." We have not read that work, but there is ample evidence before us as to what its character would have been. Like the present story, no doubt, it suggested an advance upon the swashbuckling romance comparable to the advance of the motor car upon the bicycle. The romancer speaks in terms of battleships, and flings squadron against squadron with the ease of a chess player. He is, withal, a ruthless god of the machine, preferring open slaughter to hair-breadth escapes, and by no means grudging of gory detail. He writes as a war correspondent who, being the inventor of his war, is naturally omnipresent and omniscient; and the journalist whom he uses as spokesman is rather a pale phantom. For the rest, Mr. Vaux is an enthusiastic "rooter" for England, in the imagined contingency, shortly to be faced, of war with Germany. He paints the Germans as treacherous brutes, and, if not poltroons, hopeless blunderers. He sweeps them from the sea with much promptness and fortitude. He writes with animation and vividness. As a piece of imaginative journalism the book may rank about with Mr. Wells's prophetic flights.

Charles Lever: His Life in his Letters. By Edmund Downey. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and Sons. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

Hitherto there has been no satisfactory record of Lever's literary life. On his death, in 1872, a biography was written by Fitzpatrick, full of detail and in the main accurate. But Fitzpatrick concerned himself chiefly with Lever's early career, nor had he access to the mass of correspondence which Mr. Downey has been able to use. The present work consists almost entirely of letters, and in them Lever discusses his money affairs, his family life, and especially the evolution of his numerous novels and occasional articles. The correspondence with John Blackwood (1863-72) illustrates once more the ideal relations that the great publishing house was able to maintain with its contributors. Lever's articles were often rejected by Blackwood, and his novels when they ran as serials in *Maga* were subject to the severest criticism, but it was all done with so much tact that even the hot-blooded Lever never took offence. On the last evening of Lever's life he entertained the Blackwoods at his villa at Trieste, and it was Blackwood who took charge of everything and laid his old friend to rest in the British Cemetery, in June, 1872.

In Ireland nowadays one hears little of Charles Lever or his novels. Of the man himself there are few local memories. A great part of his life was spent on the Continent, first in Brussels, and later in Florence, Spezzia (where he held a sinecure as consul), and Trieste, where, to his great chagrin, his consulship involved much work and the unlimited entertaining of naval officers, a class of men with whom he had nothing in common. "The constant intercourse with creatures of mere action," he writes to Blackwood in 1865—"with creatures of muscles, nerves, and mucous membranes, and no brains—becomes one of the most wearing and weakening things you can imagine." This was after a visit from the English fleet, during which he "insulted the ward-room and d—d the cockpit, and even sneered at the admiral," in the vain hope that the admiring but brainless blue-jackets would give him a day's leisure for writing. From Ireland he was exiled by no such oppressive admiration. When, after five years of medical practice in Brussels as a young man (1837-42), he settled down near his native Dublin, and took over the editorship of the *Dublin University Magazine*, he meant, no doubt, to spend his literary life in Ireland. But though he could always fill his house with the most interesting men of the literary world of Dublin and London, he was coldly received by official Irish society. He never forgave the snubs that he endured from the Viceroy Lord de Grey when he tried to take part in public life; and (what was far harder to bear) men like Carleton, the novelist, and the "patriotic" set attacked him in the press, asserting that he had made Irishmen ridiculous in English eyes by the caricatures in his novels. In 1845 he returned to the Continent, and Ireland was never to see him again, except at long intervals, when he would spend a day or two dining out and playing whist in Dublin.

Lever fixed forever the English notion of the rollicking Irish dragoon. His personages have always appealed to English rather than to Irish tastes, a fact which he found extremely mortifying. Nothing angered him so much as to be told by Irish critics that his types were anachronisms, and he often defended himself by pointing out the original—always, of course, some eccentric. He was far too sensitive to make a successful editor, and the nervous worry of editing the D. U. M., as it was popularly called, nearly shattered his robust health. Most of his novels were written abroad, where he rejoiced in the sunshine and the freedom from conventions. He made a large income by his enormous industry, and more than once had so many novels on the stocks together that he found it safer to be anonymous, except in the case of one or two, lest he should be suspected of over-production. All that he made he spent forthwith, and almost every letter to Blackwood contains a few fervent phrases of gratitude for a timely check that would float the family in luxury for a few weeks more.

Lever hated intellectual women: "We

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never see him," writes Mrs. Browning in Florence; "it is curious . . . in fact, he lives a different life from ours; he is in the ballroom, and we in the cave, and peradventure he is afraid of the damp of us." "It was amusing," says a friend, "to observe his transparent manœuvrings to avoid Mrs. Trollope as a whist-partner; and it was equally amusing to observe Mrs. Trollope's undisguised desire to secure Lorrequer as her partner."

The letters are well worth reading. Lever wrote in haste and illegibly so that on almost every page some word has to be supplied by conjecture. Of his brilliance, the wit and geniality that endeared him to all, there is plenty of evidence, and these two volumes will probably be read when his novels are never taken from the shelf. At present, one meets here and there a boy of old-fashioned tastes who prefers Lever to Kipling, but to most people "Charles O'Malley" is merely the name of a minor classic that one need not read. Mr. Downey's book has good portraits and is well got up.

Literature of Libraries in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Edited by John Cotton Dana and Henry W. Kent. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.—Vol. 1.: *The Duties and Qualifications of a Librarian.* By Jean-Baptiste Cotton Des Houssayes.—Vol. II.: *The Reformed Librarie-Keeper.* By John Dury.

This series of sources of the history of librarianship in former days is most welcome. The two volumes before us and the four that are promised (see the *Nation* for August 2) form together a collection that should be studied by all library workers, and that might well be read by any student of educational and intellectual history. Unfortunately, the price is high and the edition small: 250 copies at $12 for six volumes of less than 100 pages each. The address which the Abbé Cotton Des Houssayes delivered before the General Assembly of the Sorbonne on his accession as librarian to that learned body, in 1780, is a scholarly and eloquent picture of the ideal librarian:

A librarian truly worthy of the name should, if I may be permitted the expression, have explored in advance every region of the empire of letters, to enable him afterwards to serve as a faithful guide to all who may desire to survey it. . . . The superintendent of a library, whatever be its character, should be no stranger to any department of learning; sacred and profane literature, the fine arts, the exact sciences, all should be familiar to him. A diligent and indefatigable student, ardently devoted to letters, his sole and abiding aim should be to make sure their advancement. Especially should the superintendent of such a library as yours—which is not, by right, designed for the public—if he desires to increase the reputation of the illustrious society which he represents—if he also desires to give proofs of its devotion to learning—receive all its visitors, whether scholars or simply curious, with an assiduous attention, so polite and kindly that his reception shall appear to each one the effect of a distinction purely personal. . . .

The second volume in the series, John Dury's "Two Copies of Letters Concerning the Place and Office of a Librarie-Keeper," is preceded by a biographical sketch, by Ruth Shepard Grannis, chiefly telling about the author's travels and activity in the interest of Protestant Church Unity, but without explaining the connection between the present publication and his other activities. Still, there was such a connection. After more than fifteen years of travels in Holland, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, John Dury married, in 1645, an Irish lady and remained thereafter for ten years in England. Here he became associated with that small band of educational enthusiasts and reformers, whose leader was Samuel Hartlib, the philanthropist and friend of Comenius. In 1649, Hartlib published a work by his friend, entitled "The Reformed School," in which the latter advocated advanced ideas in education, anticipating many of Fröbel's and Herbart's principles. The work met with some criticism, and Dury replied to his critics in a supplement, which was accompanied by two letters to Hartlib on the subject of library management. The volume also contained "the description of one of the chiefest libraries which is in Germany, erected and ordered by one of the most Learned Princes in Europe" (namely, the library in Wolfenbüttel). The present reprint contains only the two letters; a translation of the Latin description of the library at Wolfenbüttel where eighty years later Lessing became librarian, might well have been included.

Dury's ideas of library management were not based on actual experience, but he had thought deeply on the subject, as he, during his travels, must have had occasion to use libraries in many lands. He is particularly concerned with university libraries. As in educational matters and in the question of religious toleration, so he is ahead of his time in matters of library "keeping." He regards as the constituency of a university library not only the members of the university of which it forms a part, but the world of scholars in any country; librarians, he says, "ought to become agents for the advancement of universal learning." John Dury even anticipates President Eliot's plan to stock "dead" books separate from the "live" ones:

Discretion must be used and confusion avoided, and a cours taken to distinguish that which is profitable from that which is useless; . . . yet becaus there is seldom ainie Book wherein there is not something useful, and Books freely given are not to be cast away, but may bee kept, therefore I would have a peculiar place appointed for such Books as shall bee laid aside to keep them in.

J. G. Schelhorn mentions Dury's Librarie-keeper in his "Anleitung für Bibliothekare und Archivare" (Ulm, 1788-91), among books of value to libraries; since then it seems to have been forgotten until Richard Garnett called attention to it in a paper read before the Library Association of the United Kingdom, in 1884. Eight years later the first letter was reprinted by Mr. McAlister in *The Library*, with an historical introduction, and the following year, 1893, J. Kemke published an account of it in the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen.*

The Training of Boys' Voices. By Claude Ellsworth Johnson. Oliver Ditson Co.

The author of this little volume, who is organist and choirmaster in a New York church and vocal teacher at the National Conservatory, declares that never before in the history of music has the singing of children been so much a matter of popular interest as at present. Schools everywhere, both public and private, are providing instruction in music reading, and every year there is a greater number of churches which rely upon boys to lead the religious worship in song. Quality is here, as in so many other things, far more important than quantity. In some cases cathedral services are rendered by twenty soprano boys. Smaller churches do not need so many, "provided that all are well trained and developed." In other words, large numbers are not so much of an advantage as thorough training. A good teacher is therefore a requisite; but as the training of children's voices constitutes a department of voice culture for which some special preparation is required, Mr. Johnson has written his treatise to assist in such preparation.

Inasmuch as, up to the time of maturity, the voices of boys and girls are alike, both having a natural soprano, why is it that boys are favored in the forming of church choirs? Is it because of the *mulier taceat in ecclesia,* or some other survival of masculine tyranny? No, it is simply because of the greater delicacy of the feminine organization. Boys are better fitted for any extraordinary efforts, such as those involved in singing before the public, in choirs, etc. Girls, our author maintains, "ought not to be taxed with serious vocal work until the system has completely settled after the change to womanhood." They have only one voice, which develops gradually, whereas a boy's larynx changes so much that a new vocal organ is practically the result. And the boy-voice is fuller, richer, and has more musical value than the girl-voice. Hence it is that, through the long flight of centuries, the singing boy has maintained his place in the choir stalls, while the girls were excluded.

Even boys, however, though more robust than girls, should use their voices gently at first. Soft singing is the method which alone leads to musical results. This is perhaps the most useful of the lessons dwelt on by our author. It suggests the query whether the reason why so few American men have become famous singers is not to be sought in the fact that the American boy is so preposterously noisy. Mr. Johnson strongly disapproves of teachers and parents who urge their children to speak and sing loud, thus causing them to force the "thick" register of the voice in range and power until it becomes reedy, coarse, and harsh, like that of children who scream in the streets. These disagreeable qualities, he maintains, "are not natural, but acquired, for children reared in refinement have sweet voices." Perhaps this statement is too sweeping. Some children naturally have ugly voices, as some have ugly faces. But it is certainly true that screaming in the streets spoils child-voices by the wholesale, and that the American boy's voice is like the average steam whistle in being about a hundred times louder than it need be for its purposes.

Mr. Johnson accepts John Curwen's names for the three registers of the voice: "Thick," "thin," and "small," which have much to commend them, and he believes that the secret of success in beginning with children's voices consists in the immediate production of their middle and upper register tones. His remarks on voice training

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are commendable, and he supplies several pages of daily exercises for the voice. To the selection of music for boys' voices the final chapter is devoted, and there is a twelve-page list of choir music for boys' and men's voices.

Slavery and Abolition, 1831-1841. By Albert Bushnell Hart. The American Nation. Vol. XVI. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

There can be little save praise for Professor Hart's contribution to the series which he is editing. The volume does not, indeed, observe very closely at all points the professed chronological limits; its description of the incidents of slavery, in particular, applying in general to the whole period from 1830 to 1860. As he points out, however, plantation life changed but little in character during the generation which preceded the Civil War, and narrow limits of date are not material. The narrative of events, on the other hand, is kept well within the announced bounds.

The plan of the series necessitates the treatment in this volume of a few topics not closely connected with either slavery or abolition. Such are the accounts of American social characteristics from 1830 to 1860, the intellectual life of 1830-1840, the development of transportation, and the panic of 1837. The two subjects, however, on which Professor Hart has most to say, and around which centres the main interest of the volume, are the institution of slavery and the movement for abolition. The description of the theory and practice of slavery forms easily the best summary view of the "peculiar institution" to be found in the pages of any recent writer. In a series of chapters on slavery as an economic system, the relations between the slaveholder and his white neighbors, the free negro, plantation life, the control of slaves, the slave market, the argumentative defence of slavery, and the complicated interstate and international relations, we find the essential elements of the institution systematically set forth. At best it is a damning exhibit; for while Professor Hart writes with impartiality and restraint, the mere recital of facts, drawn as these are from unimpeachable sources, constitutes a convincing demonstration of the inhuman nature of the system.

Of the work of Garrison there will doubtless always be diverse interpretations and appraisals. Professor Hart's estimate is, we think, both sympathetic and just, though his pages do not give a very vivid impression of the "warmth and glow" which characterized much of the earlier abolition movement. On the whole, however, the figure of Garrison does not become the less imposing because its lines are more truthfully drawn and his place among contemporaries more accurately defined. The fundamental distinction, often overlooked, between abolition and anti-slavery is clearly brought out, as is the effect of the organized opposition to slavery on public opinion and conduct in different parts of the country. The final chapter, on the general influence and achievements of abolition, forms a thoughtful and judicious summary.

Of the maps, those showing the geographical distribution and progress of slavery and the slave trade from 1830 to 1850, and the routes of the "underground railroad," are especially noteworthy. The bibliography is unusually full: MacDonald's "Jeffersonian Democracy," however (p. 326), should, of course, read "Jacksonian Democracy." The text shows an unexpected number of typographical errors.

Cornish Saints and Sinners. By J. Henry Harris, with numerous drawings by L. Raven-Hill. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

This book is of the familiar type—rather more common in the British Isles than in America — which describes the vacation rambles of a few friends. It is written, like most of them, in the first person; its plot, a simple itinerary, is slighter than usual; and the characterization of the author's fellow-travellers, Guy and the Bookworm, is of the most conventional sort. The customary American Philistine, who is introduced to enliven the narrative, might have been omitted without loss to Mr. Harris's reputation, but no one will be disposed to take offence at the good-humored absurdity of the portrayal. It is more of a pity that the author tried for humor—and arrived at smartness—in narrating some of the traditional tales and legends of the Cornish people. It is a cheap and easy device to treat the story of Tristan and Iseult as a scandal "not wanting in interest for the upper crust," or to talk about the "whitewashing of Jenefer" (Guinevere); and travesty, to be worth while, should be more cleverly done. Yet, in spite of these mistaken efforts, most of the book is agreeable reading, and Mr. Harris shows real interest in Cornwall and sympathy, mixed with a certain condescension, for the people he describes. He has some good anecdotes of smugglers and wreckers, a few unspoiled folk-tales, and plenty of amusing sketches of persons and places. No one who has ever visited Cornwall, or who has known any of the similar fishing populations the world over, will fail to take pleasure in his description of the village people standing Sunday morning by their garden gates, looking "up-along" and "down-along" and "athwart" the streets; or in the account of Uncle Tom at his post:

> Did he ever tire of looking at the sea? Not that he was aweer on. The vish was in the zay, an' th' wind was in the clouds, and what else was there in this world worth looking at? Man and boy, he had followed the sea till his hair was white, until he knew its coquetries and passions, and generation after generation before him were sailor-fishers, until "the salt was in his blood." The old man's eyes were wild-violet-blue, and a mystic light came into them when he said that at times the sea "called" to him, and "ef so be I had my way, I'd die at zay, and be buried in salt water, like Jan Tregose."

The illustrations, like the text, are partly characteristic local sketches and partly attempts at the comic.

From a Cornish Window. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

This collection of papers has other points of resemblance to Mr. Benson's recent book than that of title. Indeed, this Cornish window of "Q.'s," though it opens upon a busy little harbor on the North Coast, obviously commands also, as if in mirage, the towers of Oxford. But the Cornishman has less to do directly with academic themes, and his speech is freer and more direct. He is neither don nor dilettante. He speaks *as* a university man rather than like one; as one who is content to have left the learned cloister for all-out-doors. While Mr. Benson is bowing his way across his quiet quadrangle, "Q." is, it may be, riding a gale along the Cornish shore. ". . . There was nothing to hurt, as yet: the boat was shaking off the water like a duck, and making capital weather of it; we told each other that once beyond the Rame, with the sea on our quarter, we should do handsomely." Not every honest man is a yachtsman, and some powerful writers have been without interest in sport of any kind. Mr. Benson, with a respectable athletic career behind him, admits his present indifference to sport and distrust of it. Mr. Quiller-Couch dates the fall of the year by that day on which his boat is hauled up for the winter; and is, moreover, an ardent follower of cricket.

There is much variety in this miscellany, or series of miscellanies, arranged by the calendar; but nothing therein is labored or affected. It is excellent talk, as flexible, suggestive, and responsive to suggestion, as good talk should be. Of its substance we need not here speak at length; incidentally it contains some interesting criticisms to which brief attention may be called. There is no uncertain note in what is to be said of the poetry of Imperialism:

> Well, let us kick up what dust we will over "Imperial ideals," we must admit, at least, that these ideals are not yet "accepted of song"; they have not inspired poetry in any way adequate to the nobility claimed for them. Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Henley saluted the Boer war in verse of much truculence, but no quality; and when Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Henley lacked quality one began to inquire into causes. Mr. Kipling's Absent-Minded Beggars, Muddied Oafs, Goths, and Huns invited one to consider why he should so often be first-rate when giving the lie to his pet political doctrines, and invariably below form when enforcing them. For the rest, the Warden of Glenalmond bubbled and squeaked, and Mr. Alfred Austin, like the man at the piano, kept on doing his best. . . . I don't doubt they were, one and all, honest in their way. But as poetry their utterances were negligible. As writers of real poetry the Anti-Jingoes, and especially the Celts, held and still hold the field.

The critic goes on to show that the Imperial bards are lacking in sincerity, in a sense for justice, in "recognition of the human soul"; and so leads to the forcible conclusion that "man cannot support himself upon assurances that he is the strongest fellow in the world, and the richest, and owns the biggest house, and pays the biggest rates, and wins whatever game he plays at, and stands so high in his clothes that while the Southern Cross rises over his hat brim it is already broad day on the seat of his breeches." Mr. Quiller-Couch is no quietist; his plea is for that sense of justice as contrasted with might which has inspired all art of the first order. He gives honor where honor is due, gratefully commending such verse as Kipling's "Flag of England" and Henley's "England, My England." Poets should, he is confident, con-

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cern themselves with the important events of contemporary life. The common opinion to the contrary, "is merely the complement of that 'Art for Art's sake' chatter which died a dishonored death a short while ago, and which it is still one of the joys of life to have outlived. You will remember how loftily we were assured that Art had nothing to do with morality; that the novelist, *e. g.*, who composed tales of human conduct, had no concern with ethics—that is to say, with the principles of human conduct: that 'Art's only business was to satisfy Art,' and so forth. Well, it is all over now, and packed away in the rag-bag of out-worn paradoxes; and we are left to enjoy the revived freshness of the simple truth that an artist exists to serve his art, and his art to serve men and women."

With this brief taste of quality, the book and the reader may be left to each other.

Edgar Allan Poe. The Man: the Master: the Martyr. By Oliver Leigh. Chicago: The Frank M. Morris Co.

Some day, so Mr. Leigh assures us, he intends to bring out a compendious work on Poe. Meanwhile, he is obliging enough to stay our stomach with this wafer-like volume by way of makeshift. As a self-constituted authority on the subject he is naturally very severe with every one else who has ever written about it. One of the papers or "notes," of several successive layers of which the book is composed, consists of a vigorous denunciation of recent editors, biographers, and critics. Only two have succeeded in satisfying him—Mr. Stedman and Mr. Mabie, who ought to be very thankful at securing by good luck what was probably unobtainable by any exercise of human foresight. A brief quotation will illustrate Mr. Leigh's critical manner—we can hardly say, manners:

That the author of these elegant extracts [from Mr. Woodberry's "Life of Poe"] has the advantage of poor Poe in that "he belongs to the men of originally perfect power" and not to mere gentlemen of culture is probably true. That Prof. Woodberry is—or was—a powerful poet was impressed on the public mind by his cordial reviewers in the select literary papers, about the time his "power" produced the biography. The title, if memory serves, of his poetry book was "The North Shore Clock and other Poems." It was pronounced a striking piece, but has not recently been heard in these Western parts, though Connecticut products as a rule are quite popular here.

To judge from this and other specimens of his criticism, Mr. Leigh's chief qualification for his contemplated *opus* is to be found in the circumstance that some years ago he discovered in the Astor Library a satire, signed Lavante, on Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America." This poem he ascribed to Poe and reprinted with an argument to sustain his ascription, under the pseudonym of "Geoffrey Quarles." Apparently, however, the exhibit carried very little conviction to either editors or critics. And now in his second note he reasserts himself, epitomizes his argument, and illustrates the satire with a running and connective commentary. The argument, as so abbreviated, does not seem very cogent—and as for the poem, while it may be Poe's, it might just as well be any one's else who could versify and read Pope.

The most interesting thing in the book, however, is a portrait, or rather two portraits, of Poe, intended to emphasize the irregularities of his head and features. One is the lateral reverse of the other; and the upper is split down the middle in such a way as to show, when one or the other flap is raised, what the poet would have looked like, if the design of either side had been carried out symmetrically. The effect is very curious.

Drama and Music.

The new plays of the current week in New York do not require much critical comment. "The Dear Unfair Sex," a farcical comedy by Inglis Allen, a young Englishman who has written some bright sketches for *Punch* and the magazines, as well as one or two longer stories, is clever boy's work, but too imitative and improbable to merit serious attention. It does, however, contain a promise of more valuable work hereafter. A certain inventiveness, for instance, is exhibited in the new turn given to the now somewhat stale and discredited situation in which a reputable married woman is made to visit a bachelor's rooms, alone, at midnight. The motive of the visit is wholly improbable, not to say preposterous, even for farce, but the course of the bachelor, in promptly sending for the lady's husband, telling him the truth, and inviting him to help in the salvation of the woman and the suppression of an imminent scandal, is not only natural, but essentially dramatic. This novel expedient—which is, nevertheless, entirely reasonable—not only revived interest in a play which was on the verge of failure, but left the final outcome in uncertainty, thus offering an opportunity for a capital last act, which would have ensured the success of the piece if it could have come earlier. Unfortunately, the character of the heroine is so overdrawn in the first act as to be fully as unsympathetic as it is incredible, and neither the personal charm nor admirable art of Miss Ellis Jeffreys could make it plausible or tolerable. The play, therefore, may be dismissed with this brief notice, but the performance of it deserves a few lines of special commendation. It is gratifying to know that the English stage is still capable of supplying a travelling company of so high a general level of excellence. The piece, which might have easily degenerated into clumsy farce, was played throughout in the right spirit of light comedy, with ample vivacity, but no exaggeration. Miss Jeffreys once more proved herself a very adroit and delightfully humorous actress, and Mr. Cartwright displayed rare versatility in the character of the abused, and afterward masterful husband. Mr. Gerald Lawrence played an ungrateful part with fine tact, and Mr. George Giddens furnished as hilarious a bit of broad comedy as has been seen here in years, and that, too, without exaggeration or offence of any sort. Nor were the minor characters of far inferior quality. It is to be hoped that the combination will be seen in some more valuable play.

Concerning the English version which Langdon Mitchell has made of Gordin's "Kreutzer Sonata" few words are needful. He has acquitted himself of his task well enough, but it is not easy to discern why he or anybody else should have undertaken it. The piece is essentially disagreeable, in character and atmosphere, and neither the theatre nor the public has been benefited by its translation from the Yiddish. Undoubtedly it contains some notable theatrical opportunities for an actress of the calibre of Madame Kalich, who rises in it to a high pitch of emotional exaltation. She is an actress of distinction and power, whose advent upon the English stage is welcome, but it is to be hoped that hereafter she will seek to exhibit her talents in more wholesome, nobler, and more inspiring forms of drama.

A practical step has at last been taken to perpetuate the memory of the late Sir Henry Irving in England. At a meeting of the committee of the Actors' Association, in London, it was decided to call a public meeting for October 1, and Sir Squire Bancroft has promised to preside. No details have so far been arranged, but it is expected that the gathering will take place at His Majesty's Theatre.

Why should the State of Maine produce nearly all the great singers of this country? Annie Louise Cary, Lillian Nordica, and Emma Eames are three of them, and now it appears that the young American soprano, of whom all Europe is at present talking in terms of rapture—Geraldine Farrar—was also born in Maine, at South Paris. Miss Farrar took part the other day in the Mozart Festival at Salzburg; and what the eminent Viennese critic, Richard Wallaschek, wrote of her on this occasion is typical: "The brilliant Miss Farrar took the hearts of the festival public by storm. Two days after her first appearance it was impossible in all Salzburg to buy another picture of her. This fact indicates better than a long description the impression she has made here. It is not easy to describe her in a few words. Her voice sounds dark at one time, bright at another; her artistic personality affects one as being both serious and sparkling, fickle and faithful."

Pianists might do something toward rescuing their recitals from disfavor by reviving some of those marvellous operatic fantasias of Liszt with which he used to attract large audiences. In this connection it is of interest to recall what happened in Berlin a few winters ago. Busoni gave a series of concerts at which he revived a number of those fantasias. They aroused the enthusiasm even of Dr. Leopold Schmidt, critic of the *Tageblatt*, who is not a Lisztite, but who admitted that these "Don Juan," "Rigoletto," "Robert the Devil," "Lucrezia Borgia," etc., fantasias of Liszt were as entertaining as ever. "It seems to me," he added significantly, "that if we are to be called on to admire the art of playing the piano, such programmes are much more suitable for concerts than the customary sonata programmes with their serious educational physiognomy. The audience was evidently of the same opinion, for it was genuinely enthusiastic."

While these fantasias are for the most part for concert pianists only, it is well to bear in mind what that perspicacious and peppery pianist-teacher-critic, Hans von Bülow, once wrote: "Some day I shall make a list of all those Liszt pieces which the

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majority of amateurs will find much easier to master and digest than the chaff of a Thalberg or the wheat of a Henselt or Chopin. But the edict has gone forth that the name 'Liszt' as composer for pianoforte means pieces of such gigantic difficulties as to be practically unplayable. 'Tis a harmless yet none the less foolish prepossession of the ignorant, like numberless others."

Whether Bülow ever carried out the plan referred to is not known to the writer of this paragraph. But there is an admirable collection of such pieces edited by Mr. August Spanuth and published by the Oliver Ditson Company. It comprises two of the "Dream of Love" nocturnes, the "Dance of Gnomes," "Murmuring Wood's," two "Consolations," "Ave Maria," "On Lake Wallenstadt," "Pastorale," "At the Spring," "Longing for Home," "Gondoliera," "Album Leaf," and eight other favorite pieces, besides a biographic and critical introduction. Another of Mr. Spanuth's volumes in the same edition includes ten of the Hungarian rhapsodies; a third, twenty of the Liszt transcriptions of pieces by Chopin, Franz, Gounod, Mendelssohn, Paganini, Rossini, Schubert, Schumann, Alabieff, Verdi, and Wagner. These three volumes cannot be too highly commended to all advanced students and pianists. Of the famous Liszt études the best edition, perhaps, is that published by Augener & Co., with an admirable introduction by Edward Dannreuther, who calls attention to Liszt's incessant striving for perfection as shown by his frequent revisions of his own works.

The late Sir George Grove's book on Beethoven's symphonies has appeared in a German translation—an honor he deserved and would have appreciated, though hardly expected, for he was modest, and when he wrote that book he was quite afraid of the professionals and anxious to emphasize the fact that it was written only for amateurs. The English are appreciating more and more what Grove did in helping them to listen to good music understandingly. As one critic remarks: "Certainly, many a middle-aged amateur of to-day can trace his first real appreciation of the classics to Grove's stimulating and infectious enthusiasm." He was one or the first to write analytical programmes for use at concerts, at first on a slight scale, gradually more elaborately, but never pedantically.

In summing up, in the *Etude*, an article written by Mr. E. Markham Lee for the *Journal of the International Music Society* on the future of the cadence, Mr. Arthur Elson says: "According to his ideas, most of the present methods of closing a piece are becoming stale, flat, and unprofitable from over-use. He speculates on the adoption of new ones, and cites several instances, among them one by MacDowell, including the sixth note of the scale with the common chord." The theorists will find many other new things in MacDowell's music when they begin to study it. As for cadences, there are six European masters who especially abhorred the stereotyped closes and showed the way to endless variety: Schubert, Chopin, Franz, Wagner, Liszt, and Grieg.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Brandes, George. On Reading. Duffield & Co. 75 cents net.
Brown, Charles Reynolds. The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Collings, Jesse. Land Reform. Longmans. $4.20 net.
Duncan, Norman. The Adventures of Billy Topsail. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Goodrich, Arthur. The Balance of Power. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.
Gordon, S. D. Quiet Talks About Jesus. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents net.
Greek Lyric Poets. Edited by Henry M. Tyler. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Greene, Sarah P. McLean. Power Lot. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Haggard, H. Rider. The Spirit of Bambatse. Longmans.
Henderson, Mary Foote. The Aristocracy of Health. Harpers. $1.50.
Henderson, W. J. The Art of the Singer. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Hertzberg, H. R. R. Lyrics of Love. The Neale Publishing Co.
Hodges, George. The Religion of a Seminarian. Thomas Whittaker. 10 cents net.
Howe, Frederic C. The Confessions of a Monopolist. Chicago: The Public Publishing Co. $1 net.
Irwin, Wallace. Chinatown Ballads. Duffield & Co. $1.25.
Johnson, Owen. Max Fargus. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.
Klein, Charles. The Lion and the Mouse. G. W. Dillingham Co.
Dawson, W. J. Makers of English Prose.—Makers of English Poetry. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net each.
Lee, Sidney. Notes and Additions to the Census of Copies of the Shakespeare First Folio. Henry Frowde.
Livingston, Burton Edward. The Relation of Desert Plants to Soil, Moisture, and to Evaporation. *Carnegie Institution.*
Lombard, Luigi. Dal Taccuino D'Uno Scapolo. Florence: Le Monnier.
Mathews, Frances Aymar. The Undefiled. Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Maxwell, W. B. The Guarded Flame. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
McGehee, Lucius Polk. Due Process of Law. Northport, L. I.: Edward Thompson Co.
Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie. Edited by Frédéric Masson and P. A. Pichot. John Lane.
Meredith, George. Evan Harrington.—One of Our Conquerors.—The Tragic Comedians.—The Shaving of Shagpat. Scribners. $1 each.
Mighels, Philip Verrill. The Crystal Sceptre. Harpers. $1.25.
Molière's Le Tartuffe. Edited by John E. Matzke. Holt & Co. 50 cents.
Moses, Joslah. Pathological Aspects of Religions. Clark University Press.
Müller, W. Max. Egyptological Researches. Carnegie Institution.
Nesbit, E. The Incomplete Amorist. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Osbourne, Lloyd. Three Speeds Forward. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Pailleron's L'Etincelle. Edited by O. G. Guerlac. Holt & Co. 35 cents.
Perez, Isaac Loeb. Stories and Pictures. Translated by Helena Frank. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America. $1.50.
Richards, R. C. Railroad Accidents: Association of Railway Claim Agents.
Robinson, John Bunyan. Epic Ballads of "Uncle Sam." Philadelphia: G. W. Johnson.
Rogers, Robert Cameron. The Rosary. John Lane. $1.50 net.
Scheffer, Theo. H. The Loose Leaf System of Laboratory Notes. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1 net.
Selden Society: Borough Customs. Vol. II. Edited by Mary Bateson. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Shaler, Sophia P. The Masters of Fate. Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.
Sheerin, James. The Church, the State, and the University. Thomas Whittaker.
Smith, Richard. A Tour of Four Great Rivers. Edited by Francis W. Halsey. Scribners.
Winton, G. B. A New Era in Old Mexico. Nashville: Smith & Lamar. $1.

The English Reviews, having had a chance at the advance sheets of

William De Morgan's JOSEPH VANCE, *have exprest themselves as follows:*

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